THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 316 — NUMBER 4104

MARCH 3, 1923

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AMERICA AND HUMAN HAPPINESS

Revue de l'Amerique Latine is the latest French review to circularize distinguished contributors with a questionnaire. This journal wishes to know whether the discovery of America has added to human happiness. One hundred years ago, when the American Revolution was regarded in Europe as the detonator that set off the French Revolution, this theme was much debated. In 1782, *L'Académie des Sciences, Belles-Lettres et Arts*, of Lyon, offered a prize for the best lecture upon the following questions: 'Has the discovery of America benefited or injured the human race? If it has been a benefit, how may these benefits be preserved and increased? If it has been an evil, how are these evils to be remedied?'

Ten years later, the French Academy proposed the same subject in a somewhat less controversial form: 'What has been the influence of America upon the politics, commerce, and manners of Europe?'

The replies received at that time indicated that most eighteenth-century Europeans considered the discovery of America an evil. It had caused the natives to be slaughtered or enslaved. Its discoverers were alleged to have brought from the New World previously unknown pests and diseases. The great quantities of gold and silver received from America had raised prices more rapidly than wages, and caused distress and discontent among the working classes. The monograph crowned by the French Academy concluded thus: —

> America has corrupted our morals, and therefore has been a baneful influence. America has encouraged vanity, idleness, and love of luxury. That is her crime. She has contributed to the comforts and conveniences of life, and to that extent is entitled to our gratitude. She has supplied our industries with new substances and raw materials; that is her triumph.

The first replies to the present questionnaire are more optimistic, although most of them agree that the discovery of America harmed the natives. Pierre Mille believes that up to the present England and probably Germany have profited from America, but that France, Italy, and even Spain have suffered, since the diversion of maritime traffic to the west has been at the expense of Mediterranean commerce. The result is that 'Anglo-Saxon and Germanic civilization, following on the heels of trade, tends to gain the ascendancy over Latin civilization.'

M. Léon Deffoux believes that every discovery of new territories increases

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the danger of war. M. Max Daireaux is inclined to think that Columbus and his successors brought happiness to the natives of America: 'Extermination is painful while it lasts, but the results are agreeable and restful.' America also afforded vast territories where all the Don Quixotes of Europe could run at large to their heart's content, leaving sensible Sancho Panzas in peace to enjoy the homelier comforts of their native lands. The discovery was in one way reassuring to the Negroes, whose value as slaves had never been duly understood before. It is always 'flattering to be appreciated at your true worth.' America has not yet contributed so much to the political and social institutions of mankind as she may later. 'Up to the present, the New World, doubtless captivated by the purity of our manners and the excellence of our political system, has confined herself to imitating them. At the utmost, she has only succeeded in making them a little more disorderly in the southern continent, and more cynical in the northern continent.' M. Daireaux believes that the commercial benefits that Europe derives from America are largely illusory: —

Multiplying customers, broadening markets, having more dollars to chase, may dazzle the merchant; bustling about, cabling, telephoning, slamming doors, shouting orders, talking millions, intoxicate shallow brains . . . but that is only vanity, vanity, vanity of vanities.

Another contributor, Lucian Dubech, believes the influence of America upon the destinies of the world has so far been unquestionably evil. It may eventually prove a blessing, but not until a remote and problematical future.

We imposed upon the natives a civilization that was not their own, that they cannot assimilate, and that has arrested their native culture. In return, America has given us up to the present Chateaubriand's *Les Natchez* and President Wilson — one a masterpiece of literary romanticism, the other a paragon of political romanticism.

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STILL DISCUSSING THE RUHR

In *Prager Tagblatt*, a non-Chauvinist German-language daily printed in the Czechoslovak capital, Professor Friedrich Foerster, the German pacifist, likens Germany's Reparations policy to her war policy. Instead of concentrating operations against decisive points, Germany's army leaders wasted their country's strength in minor campaigns where easy victories were won that momentarily raised the spirits of the people, but contributed little to the final outcome. Her policy toward the Entente since the Armistice has been very similar. She has flirted with Russia, tried to play off the Allies against each other, courted the goodwill of the United States — done everything, in a word, but meet the main issue: a settlement of Reparations with France. During the war, narrow-visioned military commanders, of late equally narrow-visioned industrial commanders, have controlled Germany's destiny.

The only way to secure concessions in the peace terms is by a candid understanding with France. The rulers of France are not so blind as to wish to destroy their creditor. They are merely panic-stricken lest they be unable to recover the money they have spent to restore their devastated regions.

The moderate Socialist *Leipziger Volkszeitung* also questions the German Government's sincerity in declaring its inability to fulfill certain Reparations obligations.

Take, for instance, timber deliveries. These involve the delivery of timber to the value of about five million gold marks. No matter how impoverished Germany may be, no sensible man will argue that she cannot

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supply two hundred thousand telegraph poles.

At the same time, this journal scoffs at the idea that France is actuated primarily by economic considerations in seizing the Ruhr. While her financial condition is by no means rosy, she is not in such straits as to justify employing force.

Poincaré's invasion is dictated by political motives. It is inspired by that mixture of brutality and hypocrisy which characterizes our imperialist age.

The *New Witness* views sympathetically France's seizure of the Ruhr, partly because it appreciates that country's provocation, and partly because it is moved to wrath by a statement in the London *Nation*, to the effect that 'there is little to choose between the invasion of Belgium in 1914 and that of the Ruhr in 1923.' It draws the following comparison to emphasize its point: —

A man named Smith signed an agreement that he would insure and protect against burglary the cottage of a poorer man named Brown. The richer man then himself proceeded to burgle the house of the poorer man, and to break and burn all that he could not burgle. The neighbors — who had also signed the agreement — succeeded in arresting the house-breaker, who was not only a house-breaker but also an oath-breaker and a bond-breaker. Nobody proposes the not unnatural revenge of treating Smith as he has treated Brown. Nobody burns and breaks in Smith's house as he has burned and broken in Brown's; though even that would be only imitating his pillage and not his perjury. All that Brown and the neighbors do is to order Smith to pay for the damage he has done. When he promises to pay and then once again breaks his promise, one of the neighbors puts a broker in.

Vossische Zeitung distinguishes between the seizure of Belgium in 1914 and the occupation of the Ruhr as follows: Germany did not occupy Belgium to make money. She knew that, like everything else in war, the occupation would cost money, and laid her plans accordingly. France does not occupy the Ruhr with a war aim in view. At least her professed object is financial.

The French people are told that France has marched into the Ruhr to obtain coal and money. The fact that there is not the slightest chance of obtaining one or the other has to be concealed, and so is the true nature and object of the whole expedition, which is to bring the German mining industry into subjection to the French iron industry. The majority of Frenchmen would no more understand and approve of these aims than the majority of Germans would have countenanced and approved war aims foreseeing merely the advantages of the German iron industry.

The British Liberal press sees nothing but an invitation to economic disaster in French policy. The *Westminster Gazette* says: —

Since the eve of Mr. Bonar Law's visit to Paris the French exchange has fallen some 8.5 per cent, the Belgian 9.7, and the German over 41 per cent. We have to realize that the effect of these changes is that France and Belgium share with Germany the honor of paying for the indulgence of the French point of view. All purchases made abroad by France and Belgium will cost almost a tenth more, and it will hardly console the consumers to know that the German purchaser is paying two fifths more. In point of fact, the first persons injured by the action of France are France herself and her Allies. In fine, France, Belgium, and Italy have suffered a very heavy monetary loss.

Mr. Strachey ventures to predict in the *Spectator:* —

France is making her provocation, which was heavy beyond example, we admit, and not Justice, Wisdom, Prudence, or even Common Sense, the inspiration of her action. She is weaving her sheet of doom out

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of confused, ill-devised, and ill-drawn clauses of Treaties, 'Annexes,' Agreements, and Declarations, out of bitterness caused by German wickedness and inhumanity, out of the dreadful injuries, physical and moral, done to her plundered provinces, out of her memories of the past and her fears for the future, and, last and most dangerous of all, out of vague and heady ambitions. She has a scheme of action which if persisted in will result, *must* result, in her downfall.

And the *Observer* says: —

On the one hand, the ties between Berlin and Moscow are drawn definitely closer; on the other hand, French taxation has to be increased by an average 20 per cent all round. And that is only a beginning. Which of the belligerents in this financial and economic war can longest stand the strain? Our distinct impression is that M. Poincaré will fail and fall; that Signor Mussolini will disengage himself; that Herr Stinnes and the German people, breathing hard, will either win or draw the economic battle; and that France, for the sake of relief, settlement, and security, will adopt another policy altogether in concert with Washington and London.

A contributor who reëxamines the whole question of Reparations and the Ruhr, in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, says: —

The Ruhr possesses unique value as a sanction. If it is difficult to make it produce Reparations for us, it is at least very easy to prevent its producing anything for Germany. It will certainly suffice to compel Germany to exert herself to the utmost. But it is important that we decide immediately what exertion we demand of Germany. A sanction presumes an alternative to the sanction — a constructive programme.

Philippe Millet, the political editor of the same journal, considers the occupation a measure that has 'an essential resemblance to war,' but he does not think that it will necessarily last longer than the occupation of Upper Silesia, if the industrial masters of Germany will make an honest effort to settle their country's obligations.

The dominant note in German comment is one of self-congratulation at the sudden awakening of German spunk. One paper refers to this as a 'healing of a four years' disease.' The Mayence correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says of the people of the Rhineland: —

A sullen anger, repressed for four years, has suddenly burst its bounds and shows a tendency to assume explosive forms. . . . All class differences have vanished.

El Sol, a leading independent daily of Madrid, comments upon the occupation as follows: —

French statesmen believe it necessary to sacrifice the existence of Germany to guarantee that of France. It was thus Roman Senators believed it necessary to destroy Carthage for the security of Rome. And yet when we tell this tale to our children we speak of the gods of Carthage as cruel! Is not the real cruelty the nationalist infatuation that makes us consider our own country a supreme end in itself, and all other countries mere instruments to serve that end?

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BRITAIN'S DEBT TO AMERICA

ENGLAND'S first reaction to the American debt terms was one of half-indignant disappointment. How far British statesmen and the British public had been misled, or had gratuitously persuaded themselves, that better terms would be given, is of course impossible to say. The *Morning Post*, in an article conspicuous for its polished venom, insinuates that Ambassador Harvey had categorically informed the British Government that America would accept two and a half per cent interest or less. The London *Outlook* bluntly brands this statement as a lie, and surmises that the *Morning Post* was beguiled into accepting this story by some American who had smarted under Colonel Harvey's caustic pen. It else-

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where refers to the debt issue as a small cloud upon a hitherto cloudless horizon.

This journal believes that all the Interallied indebtedness should be cancelled and frankly considers three and a half per cent an extortionate interest rate — or at least a rate that appears extortionate to the average Englishman, who is accustomed to Government obligations yielding only three per cent. However, we are acquitted of 'sheer greed.' Americans and Englishman are accustomed to different standards of interest. The United States meets its financial requirements by issuing securities bearing four per cent or more, while 'the average Englishman is used to Government obligations yielding three per cent or less.' Under the circumstances it is easy to see that the minds of the two nations could not meet upon a compromise that seemed equally fair to both.

The Nation and the Athenæum resigns itself to the inevitable, since American public opinion is apparently behind Congress on the debt question. 'So much is to be gained by a prompt and complete settlement that Great Britain is probably well advised to swallow without further words what is necessarily a rather bitter pill, and accept the American offer.' The *Spectator*, which is the most outspoken champion of Anglo-American friendship among the British weeklies, says: —

> The American terms are not in the nature of a pound of flesh, but it must be admitted that the burden on our taxpayers is going to be terrible — so terrible, indeed, that we believe that, if the American people could be made to realize what even the concession of a half per cent means when expressed in terms of taxation, they would feel that they must find some way to make the load less deadly. . . . But we must not forget that our part is to pay our debts and that, whatever else happens, we are not going to repudiate a penny of our obligations.

INTERESTING IF TRUE

Doctor Ludwig Bernhard, Professor of Political Science and Director of the Seminar of Political Statistics at the University of Berlin, quotes in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of January 26 a communication sent to him by 'an American who recently participated in credit negotiations with the French.' Some passages from this article are, to say the least, suggestive: —

'Thereupon the Director of the Bank de l'Union Parisienne whispered to me: "The gentlemen from the Chiers Company have just come." He said this in an awed tone of voice as if he were announcing the arrival of the reincarnation of Napoleon I. The gentlemen of the Chiers Company — important French steel works — are rumored to be the real power behind the throne in causing France to occupy the Ruhr.

'The object of the French gentlemen was to persuade me and my friends to make them a large loan. Apparently they wanted the money to buy shares of German works in the Ruhr, which they could take possession of after the French occupation. I never heard serious men flounder about so in making a business proposal. They kept recurring to military arguments: "It is a sure thing, for the works will be seized by our troops in a few days. . . . The army is the best guaranty."

'My friends and I listened silently. Encouraged by our attention, the spokesman for the French said: "If we get hold of the bituminous coal of the Ruhr and the coke ovens there, our exports are bound to boom. We shall get permanent control of Europe's export trade. We have worked out a scheme with the Government for this export business.

'"You mean export bounties?"

'"Not bounties, but adjustments — *péréquations* — which will enable us to

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throw coal and iron and so forth into the international market."

'Thereupon I said: "You keep talking of your plan to throw coal, iron, and such things into the international market. Don't you know, gentlemen, that the United States has a normal excess of coal and that its iron and steel industries are seriously depressed? Don't you know that the Federal Coal Commission set up by Congress has just reported unanimously that the bituminous-coal industry of America is overdeveloped? This excess production, which is depressing the whole industry, is estimated by the Commission at forty to fifty per cent above normal consumption."

'The French gentlemen became nervous. I suspected that they were planning a scheme to underbid America and England, but were not willing to disclose it. I did not use the word dumping, but they inferred it from what I said. The system of export premiums which France is now working out is one of the most questionable measures conceivable, with the world situation as it is to-day. They plan to use underpaid German labor and depreciated German money to make their industries supreme over those of England and America. These French steelmakers are not like English and American industrialists, who depend for success upon their ability as engineers and organizers. They count upon gaining supremacy by Government bounties. The ultimate source of these bounties is the Reparations coal, which they are getting for far less than its market price from Germany, and which they now plan to get in still greater abundance by military pressure. Every fall in the German mark adds to the premium on French exports. How keenly alive French steel masters are to this fact was disclosed last evening in a private conference, when I asked why the French had such poor financial results in the Saar. They told me: "That was because we introduced French money in the Saar. We shall make no such blunder in the Ruhr."

'What else did that mean than "Our political inexperience made us overlook an opportunity to profit by the depreciation of German money"? Without question the French are trying to get control of German industry to use it as a dumping machine against England and America. This danger was never before so clearly impressed upon me as by these recent talks with French iron and steel men.

'The United States is deaf and blind and thinks it has nothing at stake in Europe. Our people have no premonition of this great danger. And England? It is odd to observe the contemptuous way that French steel men talk of England. They say: "Once France gets the coal and iron of the continent, what is left of England?"'

On the other hand, the *Daily Mail*, which, like the rest of the Northcliffe press, is stoutly defending France's action in the Ruhr, prints an article by G. Mure Ritchie, chairman of five important steel and engineering works in Great Britain, and director of five mining companies, stating unequivocally that French control of the Ruhr is 'the best bull point for British industry since the Armistice,' and adding:—

> Recently I happened to attend in Cumberland a conference of business men representing practically all the iron, steel, and coal industries of Cumberland and Furness. Someone having raised the question, it was found that every man in the room most strongly backed the action of France.

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A RUHR TOUR

BY EGON ERWIN KISCH AND EUGEN SZATMARI

From *Prager Tagblatt, January* 10, 11, 16
(German-Czech Daily)

Essen

Our first impression is of streets so narrow that they frequently leave room for only a single tram-track, but public and business buildings of metropolitan dimensions; of streets thronged with workingmen, but miles of tiny private houses, often with the steep-pitched roofs, ornate façades, and grass-green shutters of the peasant cottages in the Wupper Valley, looking as if they had been transported by a mischievous magician from their rustic surroundings of flowers and forests to the city's smoke and soot.

Posters greet us from the walls and hoardings, announcing a mass-meeting of the Christian Trade-Unions to discuss 'our attitude toward the Cuno Cabinet.' The Communist Labor Party and the General Labor Union jointly invite the people to come to a discussion of 'the ultimatum of the Moscow Soviet Dictators to us.' The pro-Moscow Communist Party of Germany has posted appeals admonishing the public: 'Read the *Ruhr Echo!* A new betrayal by the Social-Patriots!' And to-morrow's meeting of the Socialist-Democrats is to discuss the following topics: '(1) The threatened occupation of the Ruhr by the Entente; (2) Questions of organization.'

But this does not exhaust the billboard appeals that clamor for our attention. Other prophets tender their wisdom: 'Is there a life after death?' 'You must be your own divinity.' The Salvation Army and an itinerant circus have posted flaming announcements companionably side by side.

Everywhere we meet sights that suggest an overgrown village. The streets still retain their old village names: 'Chestnut Alley,' 'Horsemarket,' 'Barnyard Lane.' In fact, the visitor thinks that he must still be in the suburbs, and seeing a sign, 'To the West-End,' posts off hopefully in that direction, imagining that the real city must lie thither. But he is speedily disillusioned. He soon finds himself in a labyrinth of bare, blind brick-walls, factory after factory, tenement after tenement, smoking chimneys, lofty cranes, and smoke-burdened skies. Nowhere does he see the slightest effort to beautify, nowhere a tower or even the most conventional architectural ornament. There are no street noises because the clang and clamor of the great works on either hand drowns all other sound — falling iron, rolling iron, the incessant beat of heavy hammers. For almost an hour we walk on through this deafening desert.

We note also a monotonous abbreviation on every hand: 'Kr.,' 'Kr. Cemetery,' 'Kr. Hospital,' 'Kr. Offices,' 'Kr. Coöperative,' 'Kr. Memorial.' This does not mean *Kreis*, 'district,' or *Krieg*, 'war,' or *Krone*, 'Crown'—it means Krupp. All this black city, its inhabitants, its daily life, are tagged with one name: Friedrich Krupp.

This is the ancestral seat of a family which commemorates its past worthies by the immense structures that surround us on every side, and also by

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certain monuments at the principal corners in the town: Krupp I, 1811–1826; Krupp II, 1826–1887, Krupp III, 1887–1909. The first of the dynasty is represented with the anvil upon which he forged the foundation of this town with all its people and its foreign workmen. The third Krupp has a remarkable and striking monument of stone and steel, more than lifesize, and tasteless. He is represented in creased bronze trousers and bronze laced boots, while on his right and his left upon the same stone pedestal four workingmen, with faces exhibiting bovine stupidity and muscles of Herculean proportions, pay him homage.

It is hardly an appropriate monument, for this Friedrich-Alfred Krupp shot himself just when the Socialist-Democrats made public his unnatural debaucheries at Capri.

In spite of the fact that only a short time before Kaiser Wilhelm had been forced to put a stop to Krupp's extortionate charges, in spite of the fact that his wife had brought suit to have her husband declared incompetent, in spite of the verdict of even the Conservative press that he was a man 'of moderate capacity,' the Kaiser attended the funeral at Essen, and took the occasion to deliver a speech in the waiting-room of the railway station, in which he characterized the Social Democrats as slanderers, poisoners, and assassins. As if that were not enough, Wilhelm encouraged the erection of this colossal monument that stands, a constant provocation to the working classes, at one of the most frequented points in the city. The Kaiser also selected a husband for the family heiress, and conferred upon him the right, at the time of his marriage, to bear the name Krupp. One of the happy bridegroom's comrades in the Prussian Guards is reported to have asked him at the time: 'Say, old chappie, have you got to take over the whole tinkershop, too?'

Bochum

A dizzy, narrow balustrade encircles the engine-house of the inclined hoist at the summit of the furnace. I am standing higher than the weather vane of the neighboring church-steeple. My ears are deafened by the concussion of machinery, my eyes blinded by flaming gases; I balance myself precariously amid incandescent steel, open hatchways, moving machinery, and alternating avalanches of coke and ore.

None the less, the view repays the risk and nervous strain. It is by no means a vision of peace that unfolds itself before my eyes. Great burdens pass swiftly high above even our lofty perch — long files of cars swing from cableways and pause but a moment in their aerial flight to empty their contents into the hungry maw of the giant furnaces. They come in an endless line from the coke ovens several miles distant. Scarcely has an empty coke-car whirled away when a great bucket carrying ten tons of ore swings over our heads from the bunkers to the furnace dome.

By the side of the five blast furnaces are fifteen closed cylinders — the blast heaters — looking like huge tubes of dentifrice. Each is more than a hundred feet high and nearly twenty-five feet in diameter. They must be substantial structures, for the blast within is heated to a temperature of nearly fifteen hundred degrees Fahrenheit — the temperature of an incandescent flame. This heat-laden air, rushing with the force of a hundred whirlwinds into the great furnace, speedily reduces its burden of ore and coke to gases and fluid metal.

Every twelve hours the furnace is tapped, and a blazing torrent of molten iron pours like a cascade of fire into the

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great ladles. The furnace laborers work in three eight-hour shifts. Year in, year out, day and night, the furnaces ceaselessly perform their duty. Every third Sunday the workingmen have sixteen hours' continuous labor.

I asked a young engineer-foreman what the wages were.

'Well, the best of them now make seventy thousand marks a month. For a while they were better off than we were, but now the rates of pay are readjusted.' Pointing to a great flaming stream from one of the furnaces he added: 'There go fifty or sixty tons. It means twelve million marks at present; and each furnace is turning out nine runs like that a day.'

The ladle fills; a crane seizes it and bears it away to the next department, where eighteen great Marten furnaces convert the metal into steel. Other huge cranes are also charging these furnaces with scrap iron, ferromanganese, and all the carefully chosen materials from which our highly complex metals are made to-day. I notice in the scrap many cannon tubes, shells, torpedoes, intermingled with every imaginable civilian object. Much, however, is unrecognizable, for it flows in a steady current to crushing works, where great waves of tough material are dashed into a spray of fragments. This constant round of metal into new forms seems like a symbol of life and matter, fresh objects growing old, discarded, crushed into unrecognizable fragments and reborn in a new incarnation.

Armed with a pair of thick blue glasses, I was permitted to glance into one of the furnaces, but all I could see was a great, seething ocean of fire that engulfed and consumed whatever touched it. When the furnace was tapped, the eager steel leaped out as if to shatter the world, like a champing Vesuvius tugging at its bits. For a moment the uninitiated spectator is intimidated. Will the struggling giant not rend his prison? But the watchers smile. With them it is a case of 'divide and conquer.' A signal — and the great caldron of fire begins to empty slowly through twelve openings, dispersing in different directions, to hundreds of moulds of different size and shape. These are called *coquillen*. Soon the bright, incandescent glow grows ruddier, and at last the metal solidifies into dull blue ingots.

Stinnes Presides

Hotel Kaiserhof need not shrink from comparison, so far as luxury, modernity, and overornamentation are concerned, with the best hotels of Unter den Linden.

The great steel-magnates who built it for their comfort did not skimp the expense. Yet, it is a quiet place. The guests hasten off to their business at an early hour and hasten back again late at night; for at Essen there is nothing but business. During the day the lobby is empty. The comfortable club-chairs have no occupants, and the bell boys fairly mob a rare guest and wrangle among themselves over who shall carry his luggage and take him to his room.

In a few minutes the general meeting of the Electrical Works is to be held in one of the parlors. The shareholders are lounging about idly until the directors, who are having a private meeting beforehand, summon them. These gentlemen come from all parts of the Ruhr. Fathers have brought their sons and junior associates.

However, neither fathers nor sons have the air of patrician respectability that characterizes the shipping magnates of Hamburg, who have borrowed a certain elegance from England. The best of the men here do not look more than captains of industry — and this impression is even stronger if you converse with them.

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The only youngish fellow among them seems to be Thyssen — eighty years old. A sort of fixed smile lurks under his smooth-shaven upper lip, as if he were chewing tobacco. His nose looks like a parrot's beak. His chin terminates in a cockatoo beard, like that of a Frisian fisherman. He wears a black watch-chain — 'Gold I Gave for Iron' — but nothing to suggest that he gave still more iron for gold. He looks as if he might be the skipper of a daily ferryboat from Hamburg to Heligoland.

Kirdorff is a little fellow wearing gold glasses, and would pass for a country doctor anywhere. While Stinnes — Hugo Stinnes — you would spot him for a rabbi a block off: black hair, a full black beard, black clothes, a black, ready-made cravat; and when he puts on his gold-rimmed glasses, using both hands to do so as he rises before the meeting and begins to speak, the impression is still more convincing. It is precisely the attitude of the Rabbi of Neutitschein, preparing to read a marriage service.

'General meeting' seems to imply publicity, discussion, democracy. At least it should pretend to mean these things. But here formality and ritualism are carried to absurdity; and secrecy, autocracy, and absolutism fairly reach a climax. The young lady who inspected with an eagle eye the shares of the gentlemen admitted sat outside the entrance. The press was not invited, not even a representative of the Stinnes papers.

A journalist requesting admission met blank, incredulous astonishment. Yet your correspondent did get in, and found a seat immediately beneath the chairman's platform.

Surely this promised to be a sensational meeting. The whole world is watching the Ruhr: France is about to occupy it, England is protesting, the Socialist-Democrats charge that the big industrialists are conniving with their French associates to bring the alien army in. It seems beyond question that Entente capitalists are speculating heavily in Ruhr shares. Naturally we shall hear no politics discussed to-day. None the less, something may slip out. For the Electric Company is the great joint enterprise of the German iron and steel industry. It furnishes light and power to the whole Rhineland, Westphalia, Hanover, and Hesse-Nassau; it generates a billion kilowatt-hours a year and operates practically every electric road in this region. The affairs of such a vast enterprise are surely a matter of public concern for the whole German nation. Weighty matters are to be discussed. Otherwise — why are all these business men present, representing eight hundred million marks of capital? Many have come from a distance and from places where their services are almost indispensable.

A bell rings. Mr. Stinnes puts on his glasses, reads the number of shareholders and of shares represented at the meeting, the deaths, the names of retiring directors, a resolution renominating them for their former positions, a resolution to pay a twenty per cent dividend, and an amendment to the by-laws.

He reads these things as if the purpose of a voice was to be inaudible, with the unmodulated monotony of a priest reciting from his breviary. He makes no pauses; one sentence runs into another, slipping unobservably into the 'if-there-is-no-objection-the-motion-will-be-considered-adopted-no-objection-seems-to-have-been-made-therefore-the-motion-is-adopted.' And indeed there are no objections, and without interruption the ceremony ends with an equally inaudible 'I-declare-the-meeting-adjourned.'

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Thereupon Hugo Stinnes signs a few papers which his clerks hand him carelessly, explaining in a low undertone what they are. For Stinnes dislikes any show of courtesy or special consideration from his underlings —naturally, in externals. The stockholders drift out of the hall toward their automobiles and the three special trains waiting for them. The hotel boys bustle about, helping them with their overcoats — naturally out of spontaneous admiration for the gentlemen, for they receive no tips. Only Mr. Stinnes gives the cloakroom man and a bell boy each a twenty-mark bill. His secretary puts a big package of them in his right-hand trousers pocket every morning. A few months ago they were ten-mark bills. The bell boys — like all the other people in Germany — are wondering what they will be next month.

The French Come

The French have occupied the city with little ado and no formality. Long before noon their horses and baggage wagons disappeared from the streets. Their armored automobiles had sought concealment in courtways and obscure corners, and their machine guns had vanished out of sight. The only troops on duty were the sentries in front of the post office, who paced stiffly to and fro before the entrance. It was really funny that evening to observe six burly German gendarmes watching over their French guests. They promptly arrested a silly young fellow who tried to address remarks in German to the latter. In fact, the green uniforms of the local gendarmes are far more common in the streets than the steel-blue uniforms of the French. The town is quiet — and that is no mere figure of speech. In fact, the most notable evidence of the occupation is that prices have suddenly risen twenty to thirty per cent.

General Henry, the Commandant of the Thirty-Third Corps, naturally took up his quarters at the Krupp residence, Der Hügel. He arrived in an automobile with an adjutant, and the adjutant called on Mr. Krupp. A servant appeared, in a house-jacket, said Mr. Krupp was not at home, and asked the officer's wishes. When the adjutant announced that the General intended to stop at the villa, the servant disappeared, but returned five minutes later and conducted the new guest to a chamber. Mr. Krupp did not show himself. He considered it quite unnecessary to recognize the fact of the General's presence. This has irritated the French exceedingly. They expected a friendly reception. They regard Mr. Krupp's conduct as 'ungentlemanly.'

The only really serious conflict that has so far arisen is between the French and the Americans. The French commandeered the Kaiserhof hotel for their Engineers' Commission and officers of the army of occupation, and ordered all the guests to give up their rooms. There were nine American journalists among the latter, and they had no idea of obeying such an order. First they protested to General Henry, without result. Then they posted off to Düsseldorf, to the Commander-in-Chief of the French army on the Rhine, General Degoutte, and protested hotly to him. The General said he could not answer the gentlemen immediately, for he must first send for instructions from Paris. And indeed he telegraphed to the Ministry of War. That Ministry consulted with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Eventually the Quai d'Orsay decided that dispute with the wisdom of Solomon: the French officials must remain in the hotel, but the billeting officer of the troops of occupation was expressly ordered to find appropriate and com-

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fortable quarters for the American journalists. This satisfied the nine representatives of the 'dollars of freedom.' Peace was restored between the two nations.

There was also the episode between the Commander of the French advance guard, General Ramont, and the two Burgomasters of Essen. General Ramont rode into the city at the head of his troops, and reviewed them in the market-place. Then he sent his adjutant to the Chief Burgomaster, Doctor Luther, who is also the National Food Minister, with instructions for the latter to report to him. Doctor Luther replied that he was too busy to call on the General. Thereupon the General sent his adjutant to the Assistant Burgomaster, Doctor Schaeffer, saying that he wished to speak to him, and would like to see him at the entrance of the City Hall. This official dismissed the adjutant without answer. Thereupon the General thought the matter over, probably recalled his strict instructions, and informed the Chief Burgomaster that he wished to call on him. That gentleman immediately replied most courteously that he would be very glad to receive a call from the General, at his office, and in the presence of the Assistant Burgomaster. Thereupon the General presented himself with his adjutant, and notified the head of the City Government that the town had been occupied, but that his designs were strictly peaceful. During the interview no reference was made to the preceding episode.

The Engineers' Commission, which posted off in its automobiles to the office of the Coal Syndicate, had an even more discouraging rebuff. Its members found only a porter, who received them very coolly. Thereupon they demanded admission to the offices, which was immediately granted, but they found them empty and deserted. The only papers there were the records of the quantities of coal already delivered to the Entente. Apparently Mr. Kirdorff left these behind out of courtesy when he flitted away to Hamburg with his archives and his staff. So the members of the Commission had no recourse but to turn the building over to an officer, to use as barracks for his soldiers.

Thereupon the Engineers started a search for the coal distribution regulations. This search soon assumed a comical aspect: at least a hundred people were cross-questioned as to where that valuable document had betaken itself. Among them was even the janitor of the Coal Syndicate office. Naturally a paper of this importance was safely spirited away to Hamburg.

The first battle in the present Ruhr campaign has been fought, and has ended with the discomfiture of the French. Their representatives have been forced to agree to pay in advance eighty per cent of the price of any coal they seize; for the operators insist they cannot continue mining otherwise. When the French first appeared, they ordered that the deliveries under the treaty must continue. Thereupon the German Government declared that it would not pay for any coal thus delivered. This immediately raised the question that no one seems to have foreseen: where are five hundred thousand miners to get their wages? The operators explained that unless they received money for their coal they would have no funds to pay their men. The fortnightly pay-roll amounts to twenty-six billion marks. So, since the German Government promptly refused payment, the French had no other recourse than to find the necessary sum themselves, if they were to prevent complete chaos and an industrial collapse.

Of course, this does not end the story. The French engineers hoped to

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increase production. They opened negotiations with the miners to work overtime, promising them additional provisions and extra pay. But this proposal was bluntly rejected by the Labor leaders. Other negotiations, begun at the same time with the employers, have proved equally fruitless. It is the duty of the Engineers' Commission to maintain output and even to increase it. That is a duty that has so far proved utterly incapable of fulfillment.

Paris threatens to take control of the mines and put its engineers in charge of every pit-head. There are some two hundred and fifty-six of the latter. It would take five hundred expert mining engineers to perform the task. The normal output is three hundred thousand tons a day, and its handling requires men minutely familiar with the complex industrial mechanism of the Ruhr. An attempt to use force would merely make a hopeless condition worse.

Three months or more will be needed, at a minimum, to establish any sort of new administration over the mines of the district. The latter is a complicated labyrinth of pit-heads, breakers, coke ovens, railways, electric cableways, canals, wharves, furnaces, rolling mills and auxiliary plants, and equipment of every kind, operated by six hundred thousand workmen and ten thousand skilled engineers. The forty members of the French Engineers' Commission are like forty helpless babes lost in the woods. No one will give them a particle of information; no one will even point out the road to them. They are utterly lost in the midst of a gigantic machine, and to touch a single lever imprudently may hopelessly wreck the whole machinery.

DROPPED BY OUR AMERICAN UNCLE

BY GUSTAVE HERVÉ

[*This and the following article are interesting expressions of opposite poles of opinion. In the first, the brilliant editor of* La Victoire, *who is also on the staff of* Le Petit Parisien, *exposes frankly the feeling of France. In the second, an equally convinced German pacifist condemns France's present policy.*]

From *La Victoire, January* 17
(Radical Nationalist Daily)

It is vain to tell us that the withdrawal of the American troops from the left bank of the Rhine is not intended to be a reproach to France; for no one will believe it. This retirement, just when we are entering the Ruhr, is in our opinion a slap in the face.

This gesture of our Uncle in America is merely the last of many similar gestures, with which we have become familiar since 1919, and which we can only explain on the theory that our Uncle in America has a head built on a different plan from ours; and that distance aggravates his misunderstanding and prevents him from seeing things in Europe in the light we do.

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The differences between us date from 1919.

Here in Europe we cannot yet comprehend how, after President Wilson had taken a leading part in drafting the Treaty of Versailles, our Uncle in America, off-hand and without pretending that conditions had changed, was able to say: 'The Treaty of Versailles — I do not recognize it! The League of Nations — I do not recognize it! The Guaranty Treaty signed by Wilson in the name of the United States, assuring France America's support if she would renounce her claim to hold permanently the bridgeheads of the Rhine — I know nothing of that! I refuse to recognize it!'

So be it. He refuses to recognize the Treaty of Versailles. But our Uncle in America must not take it ill if we do recognize it, and try to enforce it.

Another misunderstanding. Our Uncle in America cannot understand why we have so big an army. Though he knows that we are separated from Germany merely by a river, though he knows that the numerical and industrial superiority of that hereditary enemy enables her to provide herself quickly with fearful instruments of destruction and to convert a commercial aviation fleet in the wink of an eye into a formidable military weapon, though he knows that Germany is allied with Soviet Russia by the Rapallo Treaty and therefore that she could tear up the Treaty of Versailles at her sweet will were it not for our large army, yet he refuses to see that, after suffering four invasions within a century, we feel forced to take the elementary precaution of remaining armed.

But he understands very well indeed that he himself must have a formidable navy equal to that of England to defend himself in case of need against Japan, which has only half the population of the United States, and is separated from that country by the Pacific Ocean, twice as broad as the Atlantic.

But here is something that we understand still less. Our Uncle in America has been dinning into our ears for a year or two that Germany is so crushed by her Reparations debts that she can never pay them in full, and that they must be reduced at all costs to a reasonable figure. We answer frankly to this: 'It is possible that Germany's burdens are too heavy for her shoulders. But we are not rich enough to make her a present — we with our one million, five hundred thousand dead and our ten devastated departments to rebuild, we who were in the war from the first day of August, 1914.

'We can arrange these things, however. Your territory has not been invaded, you have no devastated provinces, you have not lost one million, five hundred thousand of your sons in the war, you were not fighting with all your strength except for a year, or in fact a few months just before the end of hostilities. During the first two years of the war you made large profits from furnishing supplies to the Allies.

'Now let us suggest to you that we, the European Allies, pay you with German obligations what you have loaned our Governments for war purposes. Then if you wish to reduce the German debt, you can simply burn these obligations, whereupon the financial distress of the world will be relieved at once, to the great benefit of commerce and industry and agriculture in general, and of your own commerce and industry and agriculture in particular.'

But he refuses to make this sacrifice, and so we have occupied the Ruhr in order to get our pay from Germany; whereupon our Uncle in America be-

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comes angry with us, and withdraws his forces from the Rhine. Here in France — we may say everywhere in Europe — no one can understand such conduct.

These reflections, which express more surprise than bitterness, do not prevent every Frenchman from feeling deeply grateful to our Uncle in America for sending his sons to fight by our side when he was not forced to do so. But that fine gesture, which we shall never forget — how dearly he has made Europe pay for it during these past four years, since he so suddenly deserted us!

AN APPEAL FOR SANITY

BY GEORG FRIEDRICH NICOLAI

[*This appeal for the political unity of Europe derives interest from its author, a distinguished scientist who in the very midst of the war published at Berlin a bold and sensational challenge to militarist doctrines under the title,* The Biology of War. *He was persecuted and imprisoned for his pacifist teaching, and ultimately escaped from Germany to Denmark in an airplane. After the revolution he was prevented from resuming his lectures at Berlin University by the protests of Junker students, and is now a professor at the University of Cordoba in Argentina.*]

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, January* 17
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

Gentlemen of the Entente: You, *de facto* sovereigns of a hemisphere, hear only what you wish to hear. If, notwithstanding that, I claim your attention, I do so because, though I am a German, I have never been merely a German. I have always regarded myself as first of all a citizen of Europe, and therefore as your fellow citizen and never as your enemy.

My native country persecuted me because I was loyal to the Europe of the future; and it is the same loyalty that bids me address you now. I never did so while I lived in Germany, because as long as I shared her sufferings I was not sure that I could be impartial; and I might seem to speak merely *pro domo meo.* To-day, however, when I live in Argentina a sad but comfortable life of exile, I honestly feel that I can speak dispassionately.

Duty seems to bid me thus speak. It bids me to remind you that all I prophesied for Germany during the war when she seemed on the highway to victory, when I foretold inevitable defeat, revolution, and economic ruin, and was hated by my people for my words — that all this is destined to befall yourselves. Since Europe is an industrial and economic unit, she invariably rallies in the end to defeat any Power or group of Powers that tries to conquer her. Military destruction has in every instance befallen those who placed their trust in arms. Germany's fate was decided when she annexed Lorraine. France's fate has been decided since she reannexed Alsace with-

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out consulting the people of that province. I use that merely as a symbol of the exercise of might, without pausing even to ascertain what is right.

The fate of nations is predetermined. To foresee the future is statesmanship. Since the eventual outcome of the World War was obvious to every reasoning man, the task before the world was to keep the Entente from abusing its victory. The only way to accomplish that in time was for Germany to make far-reaching concessions before her final defeat. That is what I urged my country to do at the time. I take the liberty to remind you now that, if you are determined to employ your victory in the usual way, you must be prepared to suffer the usual consequences.

At first, there was some hope that from the great military world-alliance against Germany a league of peace might spring. That hope is shattered. None would see or could see that after a carnival of destruction all must follow counsels of moderation and economy. I admit that men never curb their passions and appetites willingly. You, feeling you had the power, ordered us Germans to pay the cost.

But since the Egyptians oppressed the Jews, history records no instance where might alone has attained its end. You may make life difficult for the individual German, but the race will only be hardened by its suffering and thereby become the greater danger.

England is the least threatened. She is stabilized by the support of her Empire, and by responsibilities that teach her prudence. But unhappy France knows no such checks. She does not see that since the day of Charles the Great the pendulum has constantly swung back and forth between herself and ourselves. Yesterday Sedan, to-day Versailles, and to-morrow — in ten, or twenty, or thirty years — a new Sedan. This time it is not hot-headed young officers who drink to 'The Day,' but the implacable helmsman of history. Just as it is only a question of time until the gardens of the slope of Vesuvius will be again buried under the ashes of the crater, so you, proud France, are already dwelling under the shadow of your disaster. And I fear — for you and for Europe — that your fall will be deeper than that of Germany.

This historical pendulum is no mathematical necessity. But it is only the victors and not the vanquished that can break its alternating beats of revenge and suffering. The victors must recognize a new truth — that Europe is an organism no limb of which can be crippled without injury to all the rest. But unless this truth is seen, unless somebody takes a first step, a new combination is certain to arise, economic or military, international or national, — anything is possible, only the eventual outcome is certain, — that will again turn the wheel and bring Germany to the top.

I do not say this in the interest of Germany, or in the interest of France, although I recognize perfectly well that the ruin of either of these nations would mean an irreplaceable loss to civilization. I speak merely as a European, as I spoke before to my native land. Germany has paid a fearful penalty for being blind to the claims of Europe as a whole. The important question now is — will France be equally blind?

Are you really surprised that Germany is seething with hatred, that she is hiding her old weapons and forging new ones? I condemn her for that, but I understand her feelings. You cannot condemn her for doing what you would despise any Frenchman for not doing, were the situation reversed.

You say your claims are just. I admit they may be called so, although claims arising from war are never just.

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But whether just or not — they are foolish. Hatred is ruining Europe, of which you are a part. You destroy in order to enjoy the thrill of victory for one generation. Yet all your labor only digs the pit for your own ruin, only paves the way for what you would, of all things, prevent — the coming triumph of Germany.

But it is not a triumph of Germany, of France, or of England that will bring us salvation. It is only the triumph of Europe.

I realize fully that it is hard to see this when your homes are still in ruins and your orchards have not yet borne their new fruit. But we all know that only this can save us, that the sword turned toward the body of Europe will invariably break in our hand, that the weapon of the victor inevitably destroys its wielder. There will be no permanent victory until a nation arises that in the midst of its triumph feels itself first and foremost a part of Europe, and has the strength of resolution to act accordingly.

Germany can play no such part today. She is merely a puppet in the hands of history. But every day is bringing nearer the time when she will again become a potent Power. Were I merely a German, I should hold my peace and wait for the coming day, as the wisest and most prudent among my countrymen are doing. But because I feel myself above all a European, and curse every hour of the chaos in which we live; because I see that Germany's present discipline is not making my countrymen better Europeans, but merely sullen avengers of their Fatherland; and because I foresee that, if this tragedy continues, the day may eventually come when Europe as a whole will sink in ruins — for these reasons I appeal to you even at this late hour: take thought. Bear in mind that to-day the responsibility is yours. You may blindly think only of your immediate selves, only of your own generation; or you may look forward to the future, think of those who are coming after you, and act as Europeans.

Germany's fate might be an object lesson, to teach you that if you will be good Englishmen and good Frenchmen you must first be good Europeans; that only in the free, proud rivalry of doing good can Europe's civilization and prosperity rise to their highest level; and that the genius of your respective peoples fits you peculiarly for this task.

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ERSKINE CHILDERS

BY HENRI BÉRAUD

From *Mercure de France, January* 15
(PARIS CLERICAL CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

ONE evening, in October 1920, Desmond Fitzgerald said to me, 'Go this evening to the house of Erskine Childers, No. 12 Bushy Park Road. He is an Englishman who is fighting with us for the cause of Sinn Fein, a real hero. I'll meet you there.'

This happened in Dublin at a time when all Ireland was baring its breast to the cannon's mouth. No Irishman would have dared to believe then that the day would come when an Irish shoulder would be pressed to the butt of a British Maxim.

There were two of us, French journalists, at the Shelbourne Hotel. The other was Joseph Kessel. We started about nine o'clock. Bushy Park Road lies in the north of Dublin, far distant from the centre of the town. Our outside car, attached to a sturdy cob that took us along at a smart trot, soon left the residential districts and the gardens behind and gained the suburbs. A chilly breeze dissipated into the night the lazy puffs of smoke from the pipe of our blue-nosed cabby.

We had great difficulty in finding the entrance to the cottage. A very awkward situation. A blunder, some thoughtless act, and a man's life might be forfeit. Perhaps the English police were ignorant of the refuge of the one whom we sought, who had just launched the first cry of distress and the first appeal for Ireland upon European public opinion.

Many white-painted gateways, enclosing invisible gardens, were passed in succession. At last, by means of a thousand detective tricks, we found what we were after.

It was a home of luxury. Erskine Childers, though not a rich man, had filled it with the very best books and the most lovely things. In the drawing-room we found several persons, and particularly one incomparable woman, the wife of our host. She was ailing, and lay on a couch, her limbs covered with a plaid. An American of old New England stock, Mrs. Childers lived for the liberation of Ireland. She received with the most extreme cordiality the two Frenchmen whom she knew to be favorable to the cause of the 'Irish Republic.' Her husband stood behind her. M. Bourgeois, of *Le Temps*, was present, as well as one of the Galway O'Briens. In front of the chimney-piece the mother of Mrs. Childers was preparing tea over the coals. Kessel sat at my right. At my left was Desmond Fitzgerald.

Fitzgerald was at that time minister of propaganda in the fugitive Cabinet presided over by Arthur Griffith. He was 'on the run' — which is the same as saying that he was in hiding. His face, though ravaged with worry and fatigue, still had something angelic in it. His career, known to all, had been that of a hero. Those who knew Fitzgerald loved him unreservedly. His charm even won the hearts of the English reporters. I am sure that no one gave him a greater measure of affection than I myself — affection in which, indeed, confidence mingled with anxiety, for his friends never ceased to

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tremble for his life. For eighteen months we never opened a newspaper without dreading to find the report of his death.

One day, in Paris, came the news of his arrest. Captured by surprise by London agents, he was transported to Dublin Castle, whence, according to the Reuter dispatches, he was to be taken to the Mountjoy prison. For anybody who understood the British suppressive methods in Ireland this news was of sinister character. The troops of Sir Hamar Greenwood and General Macready had an easy way of getting rid of a prisoner — a fictitious attempt to escape was staged and the Sinn-Feiner shot down in his tracks. That was the custom in those frightful days.

Knowing this, and greatly alarmed by what I had heard, I wrote an article which I took in hot haste to M. E. J. Bois, editor of the *Petit Parisien*, whom I begged, supplicated even, to publish it at once. The article appeared the following day on the first page, accompanied by a portrait of Fitzgerald. To-day I still indulge the belief that my appeal, worded with intentional moderation, helped to save his life — he himself showed little enough of the fear of a rebel's death.

It is this same Desmond Fitzgerald who, as an official of the government of the 'Free State,' and the only one of the old days who has survived, bears to-day a great part of the responsibility for the death of Erskine Childers. I mean that he accepted the decision of a ministry of which he formed a part, to put our friend to death. Childers's crime was really that he remained faithful to an ideal which was that of Fitzgerald as well.

At the time when I was in contact with these two men they shared alike in the detestation of all compromise. The spectre of MacSwiney had dissipated the wavering shade of Redmond. And yet Fitzgerald was to sign the Pact of London.

It does not beseem me, I am aware, to judge between the two Irish factions. Whatever my real opinion has been on this subject, I have, in spite of many invitations to do so, refrained from expressing it. But now a life has been destroyed that I loved, and with the consent of a man whom I have loved. To-day I must speak.

To-day I see Desmond Fitzgerald sitting at my right in the drawing-room at Bushy Park. I hear his voice and the voice of the dead man. I see them, both of them, holding their cups of tea in their hands. I have only to close my eyes to conjure up that peaceful scene, that evening when we talked so much of French literature, of Paris, of the Russian ballet, and of Mr. Lloyd George. All this was before my eyes at the moment when I learned that twelve British muskets had stretched on the ground our brave Erskine, and that you, Fitzgerald, had connived at that horror!

I have always defended you, Desmond, with all the energy of loyal friendship. And I certainly regret nothing of this. But I blush at my own credulity. You, you — ! You have so deceived me — me, who believed in you so sincerely, so blindly, that from this time on I shall scan all human visages for the calculation, the deception, and the hate that lie behind them!

Erskine Childers was born in London in 1870. Through his father and his uncle, who was a member of Gladstone's Government, he belonged to the caste of Britons of the most partisan sort. After finishing his studies he secured a place on one of the governmental commissions. The position, at the very heart of constitutional England, as it were, was a very envied one

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as well as lucrative. It was at this period that he published his novel, *The Riddle of the Sands*, a book that scored a prodigious success, and which, written in a somewhat light and attractive style, foretold the war of 1914, and denounced German espionage in the North Sea.

In reality *The Riddle of the Sands* recited the adventures of Childers himself and a companion in a small sailing vessel. This companion was Mrs. Childers. I understand that this most admirable of wives contracted on this voyage the ailment of which I have spoken above. The war came. Here let us pass the word to M. Jacques Marsillac: —

> Childers volunteered immediately and was given the command of an airplane craft, in which he participated in the famous raid on Cuxhaven on Christmas Day, 1914. Later he entered the naval aviation service, gave a brilliant account of himself, and, as a result of a raid undertaken over positions definitely mentioned in his *Riddle of the Sands*, in the course of which he engaged five German planes, he received a very high distinction, the Distinguished Service Cross. You see what manner of man he was — an Englishman educated in England, residing in England, for a long time holding a position in the English Government, and distinguishing himself in combat for England on two occasions, and brilliantly. The end of the war coincides with an about-face almost unbelievable in character. Childers joins the Sinn Fein, takes part in raids and ambush attacks upon the English army of occupation, and rapidly becomes one of the most trusted men of the Irish extremists. With abilities and a name like his he might have lived in England, honored and happy. But he chose rather to throw himself into the fight for Ireland, to be hounded without cease, an outlaw!

After three days and three nights of hypocritical pettifoggery Childers was finally led out to die. It was the twenty-fifth of November, 1922. The twelve soldiers who were first appointed to carry out the gruesome duty refused obedience. In vain volunteers were called for. At last, sick of the task, a firing squad was secured by the grim stratagem of loading half the rifles with bullets and leaving half without, and distributing them to the men by lot. In this manner no one of the platoon could be sure that he contributed directly to the death of the martyr. Apparently nothing further was necessary to satisfy their consciences; at all events they obeyed their orders. Few details concerning the last moments have transpired; the executioners merely announced that Erskine Childers died bravely. There is nothing surprising in this, knowing what we do of him, both as soldier and citizen.

'You see what manner of man he was,' wrote our distinguished colleague. Yes, we do see him indeed. But in the place of this Childers, henceforth famous and respected by all, I wish for a moment to substitute another, not the hero, but the man — the one who stood there in the drawing-room of a Dublin cottage by the side of his wife, surrounded by his friends.

He was of medium height, very dark, very thin, his temples turning gray, the expression kindly. He was then about fifty years of age. The habit of meditation had furrowed his face; two long parentheses framed his mouth, whose parted lips always disclosed his long incisors. Mrs. Childers, having studied at the Sorbonne, loved to speak French, and the conversations at Bushy Park were therefore carried on in that language. Childers spoke only English. He took little part in our discourse, portions of which his wife translated for him from time to time. It was easy to see that he was little inclined to the amenities of the drawing-room. He manifested in everything, and especially in his friendships, a certain quiet intensity and an affection totally de-

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void of rhetoric. I believe that I won his esteem. The letters he wrote me, which I have preserved, bear evidence of an intimate companionship of which I was ever proud, and upon which his death has now conferred a priceless value.

Alas, even the war itself has not inured us to this sort of thing, to such miserable farewells as this. Our hearts will always rise up in revolt at the thought that, by the will of men, that of our friend has ceased to beat. Childers is no more. Those who brought that about will have time for reflection — he did not fall in ambush beside some rainy road of the old island battle-ground; he was not dragged from his bed and massacred by a horde of drunken Black-and-Tans. He was 'executed' in cold blood after sentence by Lord knows what kind of court martial, on the charge of the illegal carrying of arms. As their first victim the 'regulars' did not dare to accuse him of being a rebel — that was a word from which they still shrunk. In the same way the Chouans, after joining the 'Blues,' dared not belittle the oaths of the Bocage.

In the black solitude of his cell, during those three dismal days and nights at Mountjoy, what were the last thoughts of the condemned man? 'The man,' says Renan, 'who has sacrificed his peace of mind and the legitimate pleasures of life to a great ideal always experiences a moment of despondency when the image of death presents itself to him for the first time and seeks to persuade him that all is in vain.'

Did Childers recall his cruises, the adventures of *The Riddle of the Sands*, the promise of a future of peace and love — could there be in this world two hearts more lofty or more fervid? — that spread out before him? Was he troubled by a doubt, and did he feel, before he steeled his heart for the last bitter moment, a touch of that weakness that has shaken every apostle and every martyr? Was he aroused to the point of cursing those who were about to consummate the sacrifice, those who, like the insensate witnesses of Calvary, were preparing to shed the blood of their own Redeemer? Or did he bow to his destiny, and, at the moment of death, open his soul to a consciousness of something far above his earthly mission?

Those who knew him best will prefer this second hypothesis. It is true that the tragic end of Erskine Childers is an event the ultimate effect of which upon posterity cannot be measured. Doubtless it will count for more in the political history of the West than these many conferences that engross the attention of the newspapers and the public, or the journeys of statesmen out of office, or many a transalpine coup d'état. That's the way the world wags. Already the 'Move up, Mick, make room for Dick!' of the Irish Republicans, the cry of defiance of the outraged country, is thrown in the face of the murderers of Childers. Blood, alas, always calls for blood.

I will swear that Childers's last thought, as he stood there in front of that line of twelve black muzzles, was one of hope and of noble forgiveness. He knew his Shakespeare by heart. Who can say that he did not think, just before he fell, of that scene in *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which the betrayed hero, learning of the treachery of Enobarbus, sends him his belongings with the marvelous message,

> Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him —
> I will subscribe — gentle adieus and greetings;
> Say that I wish he never find more cause
> To change a master.

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THE FASCISTI MOVEMENT IN GERMANY

BY M. PHILIPS PRICE

From the *Labour Monthly, January*
(London Radical International Labor Review)

The end of the Hohenzollern monarchy in Germany meant something more than the fall of a dynasty. The event had important social-political aspects, for it meant nothing less than the removal of one of the pillars which supported the fabric of the old German State, and that was the pillar of agrarian privilege. The ground had been prepared for this revolution as far back as last century, when some of the worst abuses of a semifeudal society on the land were removed and the way paved for the investment of industrial capital in the agricultural industry.

In November 1918, Germany east of the Elbe had ceased to be a land in which the junker alone dominated the public services, and became a land where industrial capital and the junker owners of the latifundia were arrayed against an agricultural laboring population, which had won for the first time in history the right of combination in defense of its occupation. But the junkers, although they have lost their special privileges, still play an important rôle in German politics. They have an industrial policy of their own; and since they can no longer force that policy down the throat of other elements of the population without their consent, and since they cannot totally eradicate the Socialist instincts of the land-laboring population, they seek alliances with the middle-class elements of the industrial centres, whose capital is in the long run indispensable to them, if they are to keep up the productivity of their estates.

One symptom of the change that has come over the Prussian agrarian party to-day is the fact that it has changed its name from *Konservativ* to *Deutsch National.* This shows that the junkers no longer expect to win popular sympathy by harking back to the slogans of the old days. They must have a constructive policy and a national policy in order to get support from the small cultivators and independent peasants in West Prussia and South Germany, and from the numerous elements of the intelligentsia and petite bourgeoisie of the industrial centres, without whom they cannot reckon, now that the three-class electoral system is abolished, to secure a political representation in the Reichstag. And in order to win support from these elements it has been found necessary to have recourse to 'the Socialism of the silly fools.'

Every village of small cultivators has its speculator, who in most districts is a Jew. Every impoverished family of the lower middle classes in the towns, whose sons are unemployed through the break-up of the old Prussian military system and are gaining precarious existences as political secretaries or as bank clerks, has in recent years been forced to call in the pawnbroker to value the family jewels and portraits. And the pawnbroker, too, is as often as not a Jew. What easier task is there than making the Jew responsible for all the evils of modern Germany?

Here, then, are possible recruits for the party of agrarian reaction, which

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can no longer find a way to power by extolling the advantages of agrarian privilege, but can find it by appealing to religious prejudices of the Middle Ages and using these prejudices as a means to entice those into its camp who would otherwise be forced by poverty into the ranks of the Socialists and Communists.

Thus has arisen in North Germany the so-called *Deutsch Völkisch* movement within the agrarian Nationalist Party. It has arisen through the attempt of the junkers to extricate themselves from the net of the industrial capitalists, which is closing down upon them, and has its point directed just as much against the capitalists of Hebrew origin as against the reformist and revolutionary Socialists of the Left. It is the instrument which the pure agrarian interests use to strike their bargains with the middle-class parties in the Reichstag.

But when all is said and done, Prussia, with its great centres of industry containing a Socialist working class and a self-conscious middle class, with relatively few peasant proprietors and a large proletarianized land population working on the great estates, is not a very fertile ground for this 'Socialism of the silly fools.' Much more fertile ground has been found in Bavaria. Of all the Teutonic lands Bavaria was the farthest removed from the big highways of land and sea traffic during the industrial developments of the last fifty years. The industrial population is sparse and scattered, and the peasants, freed by the influences of the French Revolution from the junkers, became independent cultivators earlier than in Prussia. Shut in on their upland plateaus bordered by the Alps, the Thuringian and Bohemian forests, and the Jura, the Bavarian peasant remained the boorish, superstitious, good-natured, and politically backward element of Germany.

Thus, with a backward but landowning peasantry, with an absence of a politically effective industrial proletariat, it only required the introduction of an element which had been accustomed to rule to convert Bavaria into the Vendée of Germany. And that element was soon to be found in the emigrant junkers and generals of the Hohenzollern army, who have settled in Bavaria in recent years, in order to make it the centre from which they could work for the reëstablishment of the old régime in Prussia. Prussia, in fact, according to a popular saying in contemporary Germany, migrated to Bavaria after the November revolution.

It is not generally realized that the Kapp Putsch of March, 1920, succeeded in its object — the overthrow of a republican Government based on a coalition with the Socialists — in one part of Germany, namely, in Bavaria. Ever since then an undisguised dictatorship of reaction has been in power in Munich. The first thing that one observes about the Bavarian reaction is that the various elements composing it have not by any means a common policy. That policy has been characterized by numerous vacillations, dependent upon whether Ludendorff, the leader of the Prussian émigrés, or Dr. Heim, the leader of the Catholic Bavarian Peasants' Party, — *Bayerische Volkspartei*, — held the upper hand in the Munich Cabinet.

In general it may be said that that policy has gone through two phases and is now in the middle of a third. During 1920 the peasants were in the ascendancy. The Bavarian Volkspartei commenced a plan of action whereby Bavaria should get back its old rights of fiscal autonomy, control its own passport and police regulations and foreign affairs, and generally undermine the strong centralist tend-

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encies of the Weimar Constitution. In its separatist zeal it was prepared to enter into relations with the diplomatic agents of the French Government and the representatives of the French General Staff, who were aiming at the re-creation of the Federation of the Rhine under French tutelage. Even the Prussian generals, including Ludendorff, began to coquet with these French agents, though their objects were not the same as Dr. Heim's. They wanted a separate Bavaria for their schemes of restoration in Prussia, although of course they would not disclose this to the French. But the French got wind of Ludendorff's intentions and made conditions for their recognition of an independent Bavaria under a restored Wittelsbach dynasty, which would have left the Bavarian Government a mere cipher of Paris, and so the whole plan fell to the ground. Thus ended the first phase in the history of the post-revolutionary Bavarian reaction.

In the winter of 1920–21 a certain State forest official, Escherisch, began to organize a military body, which was designed to combat by force all attempts at strikes and risings of the working classes and to rouse the national instincts of German middle-class youths. The revolutionary movement of the Italian workers which led to the occupation of the factories had just taken place, and the German industrial capitalists, who had not yet completed their big amalgamations, were becoming very nervous at these developments.

The *Orgesch*, as this strike-breaking organ of Escherisch was called, thus found abundant support from the finances of German heavy industry. The important feature about the Orgesch was that it did not confine its activities to Bavaria, but regarded itself as an All-German institution. Centred in Bavaria, it had by 1921 spread its branches all over Germany. The plan, which the Prussian agrarians and militarists had hoped in 1920 to realize with the aid of Bavarian peasants' parties and with the connivance of the French, and which had been wrecked by the latter, they now attempted to achieve alone.

Here lay the cause of the difficulties which beset the Orgesch from the outset. The Entente Powers would gladly have seen the spectre of Communism laid by a German White Guard, but if that White Guard began to coquet with ideas of *revanche* and to aim at the reëstablishment of a military régime, which might conflict with their own, there would be trouble. In the early winter of 1920–21 the Entente secured under the terms of the Versailles Treaty the dissolution of the Civil Guards — *Einwohnerwehr* — which had played such a part along with units of the old Hohenzollern army in suppressing the revolution in Prussia in 1919. The Orgesch, too, was threatened with the same fate, but by converting itself into a secret organization it managed to save itself and to continue to keep its arms and depôts, drill its members, carry on nationalist propaganda, organize strike-breakers, break up Socialist meetings, and raid the headquarters of the revolutionary Left.

It was, in fact, the early phase of the German Fascist Movement. Yet it could not play quite such a rôle as the Italian Fascisti, for in Germany the now powerful industrial capitalists had control of the machinery of State, and had no intention of allowing their children, the White Guard organizations, to turn into independent prætorian forces with Bonapartist proclivities. Nevertheless the Stinnes party, which during this time was firmly entrenched in the executive but

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not in the legislative organs of the German Republic, used the Orgesch to terrorize the reformist Socialists and other 'democrats,' who fondly imagined that a parliamentary majority was a guaranty that the will of that majority would prevail. 'It is not too much to say,' says a secret report of the Munich bureau of the Orgesch, 'that the Government of the Reich is dependent on us. If it will stand up to the Entente and not dissolve the secret military organizations in Bavaria, all will be well. Only a Government which acts like this will remain in power.'

The crisis in the Orgesch, which has symptomized the third and existing phase of the Bavarian reaction since 1918, has been brought about by two causes. Firstly, as indicated above, the Entente, and in particular the French Government, hung the threat of the Ruhr occupation over the heads of the Orgesch if it dared to aspire to any higher aim than strike-breaking and hunting down Communists. This caused a split in the ranks: the more far-seeing leaders, like Escherisch himself, did not desire to try conclusions with an obviously more powerful French army, while a number of others, corresponding to the Völkisch elements in Prussia, were ready for any adventure.

Secondly, the German heavy-industry capitalists had by the winter of 1921–22 largely overcome the crisis immediately following the revolution. They had carried through their great concentration and had got large blocks of their capital out of Germany and safely invested in neutral countries. The necessity for coöperation with industry and finance capital in the Entente countries, and particularly with the French ironmasters, was becoming an urgent problem for at least one of the German trusts, and consequently the existence of a potential prætorian guard in Germany which might take their nationalist and chauvinistic slogans rather too literally became a danger. For the Stinnes trust anti-French propaganda is only a means whereby better conditions may be obtained for that trust in any future amaglamation of coal, iron, and steel interests in Westphalia, Lorraine, and Northern France. But the nationalist agrarians, with their militarist and anti-Semitic hangers-on, have no understanding for the finesse of this diplomatic game. The anti-Semites in particular began to kick over the traces.

These elements got control of the so-called 'Organization Council.' That body, originating as the secret service of the notorious Erhardt Naval Brigade, which had dyed its escutcheon with the blood of many thousands of German workers during the struggles of 1919, had continued after the Kapp Putsch as the secret intelligence department of the Orgesch. And this Organization Council in the summer of 1921 commenced a regular campaign of terror and assassination. During the Polish rising, in May 1921, in Upper Silesia it and a brother organization, the *Freikorps Oberland*, distinguished themselves by organizing pogroms of the Jews, who happen to be the best financial support of the German national propaganda in that country!

The leaders of this movement began to preach the most extreme form of racial hero-worship. With them Jews are vermin, and even the Christian religion is tainted because of the racial origin of its founder. Their cult is semiheathen, the old Teutonic gods and Wotan their symbols of greatness, the Teutonic 'Swastika' of Indian origin their sign of power. It is almost inconceivable that such views

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should be held in these days in a European land, but they undoubtedly inspired the murderers of Erzberger and Rathenau, as the trials of the accomplices at the Leipzig High Court showed. To these impecunious sons of former Prussian officers, now gaining a precarious living, the ills of Germany are due to a universal Semitic capitalist conspiracy against a chaste Germania.

The crisis caused by the shot which brought down Walter Rathenau shook the Orgesch to its foundations. The money from the heavy industries and from the economic organ of the Prussian junkers, the *Landbund*, stopped at once, and the Nationalist Party in the Reichstag made haste to repudiate the Völkisch elements. Some of the more moderate of the Nationalists joined the Stinnes party as a protest. The component groups of the Orgesch began to go their own way and divide into three independent groups. The Bavarian separatist groups, which under Dr. Heim and the peasant parties had given tentative support to the Orgesch after the breakdown of its French liaison in 1920, now began to act on their own again.

At the congress of the Bayerische Volkspartei last autumn in Munich, a new party programme was worked out, demanding for Bavaria an autonomy bordering on separation and the virtual abolition of the Weimar Constitution. Other separatist groups have begun to take the initiative in Bavaria of late. The Bavarian Royalist Party has revived the plan for a restoration of an independent Bavarian monarchy under the Wittelsbach dynasty with the assistance of French finance. The group called the 'Donau Federation' aims also at a separation of Bavaria from the rest of Germany and at a federal union with Hungary and Austria under the Hapsburgs. Financial assistance for this plan comes from the Vatican and is directed not only against France but as much against the Quirinal. The representatives of this tendency in Munich are Cardinal Faulhaber and the Papal Nuncio Pacelli.

The second group arising out of the Orgesch is that centring round the so-called 'National Socialists.' As extreme anti-Semites they have reconstituted themselves under this new name and are organizing terrorist expeditions against Socialist industrial centres, attacks on Jewish shopkeepers, and the plundering of banks and post trains. In fact, even the Bavarian Government has been forced to issue warrants for highway robbery against some of the leaders of this group. They represent the extreme Right of the Fascist Movement in Germany — the romantic robber-barons of the Middle Ages transplanted into the twentieth century, with the self-imposed task of saving the capitalist system. The German trusts have ceased to finance them any longer. Only Hugenburg, a former director of Krupps, is known to have given them money recently; for they would undoubtedly be useful in the event of a general strike.

There remains now to be considered the third group, and this can be regarded as the original kernel of the Orgesch — the men immediately round Escherisch himself, who still retain the old organization after the others have split off. They retain also a connection with the heavy-industry trusts, and are still amply supplied with funds from Stinnes, his friends, and industrial rivals. The latter do this because they see in the Orgesch still an extra-Parliamentary organization which can force the Socialists into submission to their economic dictatorship, and which is not likely to get out of hand. These are, in fact, the practical as

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opposed to the romantic Fascisti — the tame servants of industrial capital, who will break strikes or organize nationalist demonstrations whenever their masters, engaged in delicate negotiations with the Entente heavy-industry trusts and preparing the ground for future international amalgamations and pooling of profits, require a little assistance from 'the people.'

But if the rejuvenated Orgesch is to be the private military arm of the German trusts, it is necessary to find an intellectual arm. Stinnes, in his recent speech to the State Economic Council, has told all Germany that the eight-hour day must go, and that an extra two hours a day must be added to produce for Reparations account. His Stinnes-Lubersac agreement, as everyone knows, gives him a six per cent profit on the turnover of all Reparations transactions. This ten-hour day must, therefore, be popularized at all cost, and the Social Democrats must be won over to the task of persuading the German proletariat of its necessity. In the event of their failing to persuade, then the Social Democrats must be induced to work the strike-breaking machinery — *Technische Nothilfe* — created originally by their leader, Noske, and perfected now by the Orgesch. This, then, is the motive that stands behind the idea of the 'Great Coalition from Stinnes to Scheidemann.' Its realization would be the last stone to be placed on the fabric of capitalist reconstruction in Central Europe. It would be the logical development of the particular form of practical, industrial Fascism which is developing in Germany to-day.

Up till recently it seemed as if the 'Great Coalition,' from the Stinnes party to the Social Democrats, with the extra-Parliamentary forces of the industrial Fascisti, the Orgesch, in the background, was going to be realized in Germany this winter. The ground had already been prepared by the union of the two wings of the Social Democrats, the outspoken revisionists and the Centrists, in the congress at Nuremberg in September. It was no accident that the meeting-place was chosen at Nuremberg. The headquarters of the National Socialists and others of the romantic Fascisti type are at Munich. From here they dominate Bavaria south of the Danube. Through the secretary to the police prefect in Munich, Herr Glaser, one of their nominees, they control the secret service and the courts in this part of Germany. Woe to any person who crosses their path, as the result of the Fechenbach trial showed, where ten years' penal servitude was given to German citizens who had dared to report in the press the activities of their secret societies.

But between the agrarian districts of South Bavaria and the industrial districts of Prussia, Socialist Thuringia, and Communist Middle Germany stands the industrial district of Nuremberg, in the pastoral highlands of Frankenland. The Frankish laboring population have always been staunch Protestants and upholders of the flag of reformist Socialism, and the heroes of the National Socialists would have to pass through this land in order to carry their filibustering expeditions into the North. That was what Otto Wels meant when he said, at the Unity Congress in Nuremberg: 'The fate of the German Republic is in the hands of the workers of Frankenland.' The Unity Congress was a challenge to romantic Fascism, but it was also an offer of peace to industrial Fascism under the cover of the 'Great Coalition,' and with the watchword: 'Defense of the Republic.'

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But last month a crisis came. Directly after the Mussolini coup in Italy, the Bavarian National Socialists decided also to strike. The plan was to carry out a Putsch in Frankenland, and to use this as a base to operate against North Germany. But once again the German heavy-industry capitalists blocked the way. They threatened the National Socialists with the Great Coalition, and the United Social Democrats with the dictatorship of the National Socialists, unless they agreed to the Great Coalition. Faced with this crisis, the Trade Union leaders, who are always more in touch with the masses than the leaders of the Social Democratic Party, forced the pace and secured the rejection of the Great Coalition. So the Wirth Government fell.

In the meantime the South Bavarian Fascisti had missed their chance. As the Social Democratic Minister of the Interior for Prussia, Herr Severing, announced last week in the Diet: 'We have now made preparations against any attempted armed expeditions from Bavaria into Prussia, not only by concentration of sufficient police forces, but also by the use of those methods of warfare which these people are used to.' By this he referred to armed workmen's guards in Frankenland and Central Germany.

The arrest of the notorious Captain Erhardt by police officials of the Reich, in the jaws of the lion at Munich, is also an indication that heavy industry and the Social Democrats were able, at the decisive moment, to scotch the plans of the National Socialists.

The Cuno Government is a coalition of the nominees of the great German trusts — the Stinnes trust, the German General Electric; Krupps, and the Hamburg-Amerika Line, with its Wall Street connections through the Harriman concern. It stands for a masked industrial dictatorship by heavy industry and finance, with its Fascist organ, the Orgesch, on the one hand and the Great Coalition, including the Social Democrats, on the other. It has the support of the former, which it finances. It is seeking to secure a coalition with the latter, without which it knows that it cannot put through the ten-hour day with the two extra hours for Reparations account. The question now is how the struggle within the ranks of the United Social Democratic Party will turn out.

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FREDERIC HARRISON

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

[*The death of Frederic Harrison, almost the last of the great innovators and reformers who adorned and shocked Great Britain in the days of Darwin and Huxley, of George Lewes and George Eliot, has terminated an active and distinguished career that continued up to the very eve of his death at the age of ninety-one.*]

From the *Daily Telegraph, January* 15
(London Conservative Daily)

The first time I ever saw Frederic Harrison was in a little room in a court off Fetter Lane. The room was unadorned as well as small; it was in a small backwater off the great stream of life which flows and eddies, sometimes tempestuously, in the great central streets of the Strand, Fleet Street, and Chancery Lane. It was much more like the Little Bethel in which a small sect droned its hymns in a small provincial town than a place where the votaries of a religion, who were nearly all rich and all cultured, practised the ceremonies and preached the tenets of a new faith which they hoped was going to transform the whole world.

It was, in short, the historic Newton Hall, the meeting-place of the Positivists. No history of the transformations of religious opinion in the mid-Victorian epoch would be complete which did not give some space to the doctrines of Positivism and to its chief votaries. They were all remarkable personalities; remarkable, perhaps, for this reason among others, that they never attracted any considerable number of followers. This was the explanation of the popular jibe, that the sect consisted of three persons and no God.

Congreve, the archapostle, I never knew, but I did know well Beesly, Cotter Morrison, and Frederic Harrison, all very remarkable men. Beesly was one of the most genial, sweet-tempered, and inflexible — perhaps I might even say hard — enthusiasts I have ever met. Tall, spare, with the sandy complexion and sandy hair of the typical Saxon, with the cold manner of the typical Englishman, always collected, always equable, always gentle, he held to opinions which in his day were regarded as almost on the level of those of Robespierre and the Terrorists of the French Revolution. His hatred of reaction reached to all countries and to all ages. One of the best of his essays was a defense of Catiline, an answer to the tremendous indictment, which we all know, of Sallust's brief but immortal work; and his thesis was that Catiline was an agrarian and urban reformer, whom the reactionaries of Rome destroyed in the body, and successive reactionaries of literature had attempted to kill in the spirit.

I remember discussing with Beesly once the execution of Charles I, an historic event which I have always regarded as both cruel and stupid — perhaps my hatred, as an Irishman, of Cromwell prejudiced my judgment. It was not certainly the judgment of this tall, slim, fair-haired, gentle-faced Saxon; he thought that Charles I richly deserved all that he got.

Cotter Morrison is probably forgotten by this generation, but he ought

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to live. He wrote two of the best of the remarkable series of Men of Letters of which John Morley was the editor: Macaulay and Gibbon. He wrote an excellent book on a great Catholic saint, St. Bernard of Clairvaux; he was subeditor to the *Fortnightly* when John Morley was its editor.

The offices of Dr. Chapman, the proprietor of the *Westminster Review*, were the meeting-place of all the great Agnostics who blazed in the literary firmament in the days when Agnosticism was a new creed that shocked all the world of the orthodox and at once amazed and interested the children of the mid-Victorian age. I have often wished that some record should be written of that remarkable house — at once bookshop, publisher's office, and lodging-house for some remarkable beings, and, above all, the scene of the greatest of symposiums with the greatest spirits of the new ideas. Just fancy what a place it must have been merely as a lodging-house, when it is remembered that among its lodgers were George Eliot and White Hale, better known to literature under the name of 'Mark Rutherford,' under which he gave to the world some of the most remarkable books of spiritual autobiography the nineteenth century produced.

There are accounts of talks in the grounds of Somerset House, close by, between Herbert Spencer and George Eliot. It used to incense Herbert Spencer to hear the report that he loved George Eliot — you might as well talk of a pump-handle being in love as Herbert Spencer. And, finally, there was in this strange household its head, Dr. Chapman, one of the most romantic and picturesque figures of the Victorian era, who possessed the heart of George Eliot long before George Henry Lewes — but that is another story. I know it, but I cannot yet tell it.

These were the people among whom Frederic Harrison moved in his earlier years; but he was with them, not of them. Their bleak agnosticism he contrasted with the ritual, the hopefulness, and the constructiveness, as he thought it, of Positivism. Now and then some of them were caught by his enthusiasm: George Eliot flirted with Positivism; John Stuart Mill, who had some mysticism amid all his agnosticism, was drawn to it; but the stern, cold intellects of Spencer and Huxley and, it may be added, of John Morley would have none of it.

It was not, however, as a Positivist that Frederic Harrison was best known in the sixties and seventies. He was one of the first of the band of philosophers and men of letters that definitely took up the side of the workingmen and of trade unionism. He and Beesly talked the language of the extreme Radicals — it was regarded with as much horror in those days as Bolshevism is in ours — and they both depicted in terms that were then considered exaggerated the hardness of the workman's lot. Above all, Harrison fought for the rights and liberties of the trade unions, demands which ultimately were carried by a Tory Home Secretary, Mr. Cross, in the Tory Administration of Disraeli.

Harrison was always well in touch with France and the leading French Radicals; he knew the country intimately, for he traveled there a good deal, and was a welcome guest at many of the châteaux. His sympathies were, unlike those of most of his countrymen, on the side of France during the war of 1870, though he hated Louis Napoleon and all his works.

Later on his Radicalism asserted itself in the hospitality and comfort he gave to the Communards after the disastrous fight between them and the French Government; it seemed in

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those days as if a man had only to be a rebel to gain the affection of this sturdy Radical. Harrison came into strong conflict with some of the members of the French Government, and from some of them was estranged ever afterward. He was also one of the first to take up the cause of Irish Home Rule, long before Gladstone even thought of it. I remember him in those days as a man with very black hair, with very rosy cheeks, with brilliant dark eyes, the face quite handsome and stately, with the stateliness, however, of the matter-of-fact and businesslike Englishman. He was always a man in easy circumstances, and he married a lady with considerable means. He used to dwell in one of those very comfortable and spacious but sombre houses in the Bayswater district, rather like the houses in Russell Square in which the comfortable merchants of Thackeray lived and dispensed their robust hospitality.

Everybody admired Frederic Harrison as a writer; he was always lucid, brilliant, and of course scholarly. But, curiously enough, he was very ineffective on the platform. His utterance was slow and almost stumbling, and he never seemed quite at home there. At one great Radical meeting he and Bradlaugh spoke; everybody uttered the wish that Harrison could speak as well as Bradlaugh, and that Bradlaugh could write as well as Harrison. He was best at a dinner-table; and he was a tremendous diner-out. A very sober man in his habits, the best of dinners and the most uninterrupted series of dinner parties did not seem to disturb his perfect digestion or rattle his even nerves. He was always the same, took his few glasses of champagne, talked well, listened well, and remained perfect master both of his digestion and of his emotions.

Now and then he left the essay and the book, and plunged into journalism — always a welcome contributor, from the glory of his fine style. When Marshal MacMahon, for instance, attempted to restore the Monarchy in France by a coup d'état, Harrison rushed over to France, went up and down the country, and in a series of magnificent articles vindicated Gambetta and the other Republican leaders who were fighting the combination of Monarchists who were attempting to drag France back to the Orleanists or the Bonapartists. No man, either French or English, wrote more effectively on the Republican side. His voice had a right to be heard by France, for he was among the small band who wished to get his own country to come to the rescue of France after the defeat of Sedan and prevent the disastrous peace which Bismarck imposed, with the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, the seed that brought in time the disastrous harvest of blood and tears in the Great War of our times.

It is, however, as the High Priest of Positivism that Harrison deserves best to be remembered. He has left long records of the work in that little meeting-place, Newton Hall, where I first saw him, which he accomplished during a long term of years. The creed of the Positivist was a curious amalgam of new religions and of old. It was what might be called a form of Nonconformist Agnosticism. It shrank from the bare negation of Agnosticism; it was equally remote from the sacerdotalism of the Christian communions.

Like its founder, Auguste Comte, Positivism retained something of the spirit of worship, and even of ritual, which, in his maturity as a Free Thinker, he brought with him from his childhood as a Catholic. There was a certain vague feeling of a guiding Providence in the ordered regularity of the sun, the stars, and Nature, but it

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was very vague. The purpose was sternly adhered to that all things should be judged from the purely human and natural point of view. The distinguishing feature was that everything was referred back to man; and referred back to man's duty as a citizen and a brother of all countries and of all mankind. Duty — duty — and yet again duty — was its constant cry. Men were to be given knowledge not for the sake of knowledge only, still less for the sake of using knowledge as a means of getting on in a world of conflict, but as a means of fulfilling more efficiently and more conscientiously the duty of the individual to his fellow men.

Thus, then, Newton Hall, which gave all its education as well as entrance to its sermons freely, became at once a great educational centre, especially for those of the working classes who were then beginning to stretch out for wider culture; and classes were held nightly for all to attend. But it was, at the same time, a great spiritual centre, where men were taught a form of religion which, leaving behind the theologies and the supernatural, dwelt on this life and its duties and its lessons.

Thus it came to pass that this church of militant free thought adopted some of the methods of the orthodox creed. One of its most daring practices was to create a number of ceremonies which had a perilously close resemblance to the sacraments of the more orthodox faiths. It had a ceremony for baptism; it had a ceremony for confirmation; it had a ceremony for marriage; it had a ceremony for the burial of the dead member. This was one of the features which estranged men like Huxley, who saw in the new creed a caricature of some of the things in the older which they most disliked.

The practices of the Positivists were misrepresented and misunderstood. Huxley once learned with surprise that there were no burnings of incense before an altar in Newton Hall, and was genuinely surprised that there were no altar and no incense at Newton Hall. For decade after decade these devoted and brilliant men — Harrison, Beesly, Cotter Morrison, and many others — went every Sunday without pay and without even public recognition to their Positivist Little Bethel to teach and to preach, and it would be very scurvy of this generation not to recognize such unselfish work.

An Irishman, like me, brought up in a church of high organization, with ceremony ordered by centuries of tradition and by a priesthood detached from the other things and concerns of life, sees in such a phenomenon that curious contrast he always finds in the character of Englishmen: their intense realism in the pursuit of business interests and that strange and invincible tendency to preach some creed to somebody. 'Mark Rutherford,' whom I have already mentioned, has given a picture of that spirit in his descriptions of the travails of the soul of the Nonconformist of his generation, winding up in a Little Bethel for the preaching of the Gospel in the *partibus infidelium* of Drury Lane.

Newton Hall was, in spirit, a replica of the Little Bethel; without the beliefs of Little Bethel, but with the same burning zeal to uplift the thought, heart, and soul of man to higher things, which is a racial instinct of the average and unselfish Englishman. The doctrines and the ranks of Positivism have not advanced in recent years, but its influence, subtle, subterranean even, is felt throughout the whole Protestant world, and is, perhaps, the chief reason of that gradual blurring of the lines of narrow dogma between different Protestant communions which is one of the most momentous changes of our present generation.

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In addition to his work as a sort of High Priest of the congregation at Newton Hall, Frederic Harrison was indefatigable in work as a lecturer. There is scarcely a town of any importance in the United Kingdom which he had not visited at some time or other. He generally talked about history and education. And here it should be noted that there was scarcely a mind in the country better equipped for such work. His range of knowledge was quite extraordinary. With all his Radicalism he belonged to the old school that regarded the classics as an essential part of a cultured man's education. He was old-fashioned enough to prefer the classics of the old days to the most modern developments. He kept up his knowledge of Greek to the last. He told the public that he had the Greek dramatists at his bedside, and found consolation and comfort, as well as instruction, in reading and rereading them.

He was almost fanatical, indeed, in his love for the Greek language and literature. I once asked him whether it was worth my while to go back to Greek, which I knew very well in my university days, and whether the reward would be equal to the effort. 'I think it would be worth while,' was his astonishing reply, 'even to read two lines of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*.'

Once when he was on a Greek island he found, however, the gulf that yawns between the ancient Greek he knew so well and the modern Greek which is spoken by the Greeks of to-day. Seeing a beautiful Greek maiden, he shouted to her by way of greeting the only modern Greek he remembered. It was the well-known refrain of Byron's love song, Ζώη μοῦ, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ— 'My Life, I love thee.' The girl listened with an impassive and uncomprehending look until he repeated the words several times over. Then at last she understood, blushed violently, and fled.

In the later years of his life one heard little from Harrison of his Positivist views. He kept a keen eye on all events, however modern, on all ideas, however new. And by a curious reversal of what one would have expected from a man whose creed was so international, he became one of the first to realize the danger of the German developments, especially of the threat in the rivalry over armaments with his native country. It may be that he was influenced by his brilliant son, Austin Harrison, who was also one of the first to preach the German peril.

Whatever the reason, the old Radical-Pacifist burst forth from his studious hermitage to utter warnings in fierce and uncompromising language of the wrath to come. His old Radical friends, still buried in their ancient gospel of Pacificism, were very surprised and very angry and very sad; but Frederic Harrison was a man who never knew fear in preaching any gospel in which he believed, and he kept pouring hot shot into the press on what had then become something like an obsession.

Thus it was that when Mr. McKenna was fighting for the building of a large number of new Dreadnoughts, and when many Radicals, both inside and outside the Cabinet of the day, were rather hostile to such a big increase of armaments, Frederic Harrison came out in strong defense of the naval programme, and was taken to the heart of that other sturdy old militarist Radical, Lord Fisher.

These warnings against German aggression and German design Frederic Harrison continued to make for all the years that immediately preceded the Great War, his old enemies loudly applauding, his old friends despondent as over the loss of a great soul. When the war at last came, Frederic Harrison

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could claim to have been one of the prophets who tried to rouse his countrymen from their opiated dreams. Throughout the war, it is needless to say, he was one of the foremost advocates of the war *à outrance* until German militarism was crushed.

In the meantime his own life had undergone a great transformation. His wife, to whom he had been bound by the closest ties of warm personal affection and nearly a whole life spent in unity and companionship, died; probably also he found in London but few survivors of the chosen band with which he had worked in his youth and manhood. Anyhow, he left London, where he had lived for a period beyond the Scriptural limit of human life, and took a house in The Crescent, at Bath — one of the loveliest quarters of that very lovely and very historic city.

It seemed like a valedictory to life and work as well as to society; it turned out to be nothing of the kind. His pen became not less busy, but busier than ever, and in the pages of a great monthly review and of the daily papers he poured forth his comments on men and things, always original, brilliant in form, striking in language. He preached to his countrymen on all things and a few others, in some contrast apparently with the doctrines of his earlier days, but, as he always maintained, in perfect consistency with them. He used also to answer those who regretted his departure from the thick of social and literary life in London, and from all his remaining friends, that he found no such unpleasant results from his change of residence. He maintained, on the contrary, that he saw people, and more of them, in his retreat at Bath than in London. The repose of the place, the greater time it gave to social intercourse, and the frequent visits of all sorts and conditions of men to the popular health-resort, kept him in constant touch with all the people who counted and who could be of interest to him.

He retained his astounding freshness of physique and of mind to the age of ninety and beyond. I saw him in the House of Commons within a few months of his ninetieth birthday. There was some debate going on there which interested him, and he wanted to hear the subject discussed in his presence so that he might the better know what was going on. When he appeared in the Inner Lobby there was something like a deputation to do honor to the splendid old man and to shake the hand that had so long been out of reach. I could see little difference in him physically from what he had always been in the long tale of years during which I had known him. The beard was a little whiter and the hair a little thinner, but the rosy cheeks were as rosy as ever, the brown eyes as bright as ever, the sturdy form was perfectly erect, agile, and almost youthful.

His youthfulness was proved by a curious little circumstance. He became a little impatient to get into the gallery lest he should miss anything of the debate he had come to hear, and gently but firmly he dismissed the admiring crowd around him and insisted on going there and then into the gallery of the House — he did not want to miss anything, even for the pleasure of speaking to old friends and ardent admirers. And with briskness in his step, in his manner, and in his face, he tripped up to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.

There was one other remarkable feature in the character of this remarkable man. He had to pass, as has been seen, from the cherished convictions in which he had been brought up and to depart from these traditions was a more serious and difficult matter in his day than in ours. There were plenty of good

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people around him who in the early days of Queen Victoria would have regarded him as destined for hell-fire because of his religious views; and many of the people who did make the same changes as he did avowed in their spiritual autobiographies that they did so in blood and tears. Everybody will remember the pathetic pages in which John Henry Newman told of his transformation from a priest of the English Church to the Church of Rome, and of all the hesitations before he took this great plunge from the religion of his relatives and of his countrymen.

Both in his writings and in conversation Frederic Harrison always insisted that he never had any such compunctious visitings — that the change of his opinions had come easily and naturally, and had never given him the smallest sense of wrench or of self-doubting. He thought the change but natural development from his early opinions. It was characteristic of him and, to some extent, of the race to which he belonged.

He had vision, but he had no imagination — there were no hobgoblins to be exorcised. Perhaps the latitudinarian point of view with regard to religious dogmas which were part of the moderation and hatred of extremes then characteristic of the typical Churchman, equally detached from the intense dogmatism of Rome and from the highly emotional appeals of some Nonconformist creeds, may have made the change from one faith to another the easier. Whatever the reason, Harrison always contemplated his changes with the calm outlook of a philosopher, without thrills and without fears.

Such is the notable man who passes away from a world in which he lived for so long a period, respected by all — even by the theologians whose faiths he had helped to unsettle in the minds of his countrymen. He was typically English, however different his views from those of so many of his nation. Sturdy in mind as well as in body, holding his feet firmly on the ground while soaring into the philosopher's empyrean; an enemy of all dogmas, and yet full of the spirit of religion; the preacher of a gospel of negation, and yet full of the apostolic spirit; giving of his best all his life, both by an indefatigable tongue and an indefatigable pen; and inspired throughout by the apostolic spirit that yearns to leave a better world and a higher humanity behind it.

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DESERTS AND OASES

BY COLIN ROSS

From *Vossische Zeitung, December 5, 14, 24*
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

At first the Gulf of Krasnovodsk almost laps the railway embankment, and a refreshing breeze tempers the burning heat. But the Gulf grows narrower, finally ending in an estuary and ceasing altogether. Henceforth, only sun-baked cliffs and sand enclose us on every side, and the wind strikes our faces like the hot blast from a steel furnace.

Not pleasant traveling, but when traveling conveniences are as rare as they are here one is thankful to be on the move, no matter how uncomfortably. Our train is what we call at home a mixed train, consisting chiefly of tank cars for oil, an endless row of them immediately behind the locomotive, followed by another long line of cattle cars now used to carry passengers.

These stock cars are not so uncomfortable as might be imagined in this hot country. They are much airier than the closed compartments of an ordinary passenger-coach, and if one sits in the middle he has an uninterrupted view on either side. To be sure, a car packed full of dirty, perspiring, malodorous human beings is not under any circumstances a luxurious conveyance. But a few months' traveling here makes one callous to dirt and odors, and teaches him to find comfort in the most uncomfortable situations.

My traveling companions are certainly interesting. They offer in a narrow space a sample card, so to speak, of all the racial mixtures of Central Asia. There sits an old Armenian woman in her national garb. A thick row of silver coins hangs from her low, plate-like headdress dangling down over her forehead. She likewise wears silver bracelets on her arms, and a heavy silver belt around her waist. Altogether she must carry two pounds or more of this metal with her. Next to her sits a Persian in his national costume, and beyond are Russians, Caucasians, Tatars.

Full half of the car is occupied by a party of Kirghiz. They are not pleasant traveling companions. Though they outnumber the rest of us two to one, they have herded in one half of the car, where they squat closely together, with bright hammocks holding their babies swinging above their heads. The stench from their persons is worse than that from the goats they carry with them.

Altogether we are well supplied with nursing infants in this car. Every woman, whether Russian or Kirghiz, seems to have brought one with her.

As our train advances farther into the desert, Turkomans begin to appear. They are tall, robust fellows, in long brown, black, and red coats, with enormous lambskin caps upon their heads. How they manage to stand this hot, heavy headgear in the blazing heat, is a mystery to me. But these caps have one advantage: they serve as traveling bags in which the Turkomans carry their money, valuables, and most of their lighter luggage.

In spite of their warlike aspect and the long daggers that they carry in their belts, these people are gentleness

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personified. It is amusing to watch a great crowd of them trot along from one car to another, shrinking away intimidated when some Russian woman orders them out with a few energetic words.

In general, the Russians are the best-natured people in the world, but they defend their places on a train with the ferocity of tigers. The women are particularly fierce on such occasions. However, when we consider that many of them must ride days and weeks amid these discomforts, it is easy to understand why they fight desperately for room to lie down at night.

Indeed, I myself became an energetic defender of the car in which I traveled; but at Ashkabad the crowd was so large, and the Turkomans looked so pathetically helpless, that I made way for them at the car door. That broke our line of defense. They all concentrated upon us, especially after the conductor came to their assistance. So many of them crowded in that I had difficulty defending my last stronghold, a seat on my little pile of luggage. Perched on this I spent a decidedly uncomfortable night, surrounded on every side by a forest of lambskin caps.

After the third day, travel was noticeably lighter. My eyes were inflamed from long gazing upon the glaring desert. There was nothing to be seen but sand, sand, sand everywhere, interrupted at intervals by thorn thickets that by contrast seemed strips of brilliant verdure. At one place we were overtaken by a sand storm. I first noticed a high gray wall blotting out the horizon and approaching at terrific speed. It overtook our train almost as if we were standing still. Little whirlwinds of dust preceded it on the right and left, like cavalry patrols. Suddenly we were enveloped. We shut our eyes, and drew coats and blankets over our heads. Happily, the storm came directly from behind, so that comparatively little sand drifted into the car. And it passed as quickly as it came.

Seldom did we find more than two buildings at the places where we stopped — the station and a water tower. Often the latter was no more than a tank car. But in spite of the scarcity of water it was not economized. Wherever we were we had plenty both for drinking and for washing. No sooner had the train stopped than every passenger was out with a kettle, a pail, or a pitcher to secure enough to last to the next station. Another excellent institution has been improved and extended by the Bolsheviki. Each station has a little shed under which there is a big kettle of boiling water, heated with crude oil. Passengers are permitted to take as much of this as they desire.

So no one suffered from thirst, and for the most part we whiled away the time during our tedious journey seated before our teakettles. Each traveler carries one, and regards it as the most important and indispensable part of his equipment. We would swallow glass after glass of the hot beverage, fighting heat with heat.

Eventually green fields began to appear, together with camels, goats, flocks of sheep, and hemispherical Kirghiz huts. This meant an oasis station, where we were invariably besieged with people desiring to sell eggs, milk, melons, and grapes. I recall especially Tejend, where we were offered grapes by the basketful. Then we plunged again into the desert, hotter than ever. The air was like the blast from a glowing furnace. I sat on my pack and nodded from time to time, but sleep was impossible. After a moment's unconsciousness, a person woke up feeling as if he were stifled.

Finally I seated myself by the car door, let the hot breeze made by the

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train blow on me, and stared into the desert. Everywhere sand and thorn thickets. Nowhere an elevation, no cliffs, no rocks — just sand and thorns. Suddenly I saw on the horizon a shimmering surface, like a pond or a lake. Trees seemed to nod on the farther bank, then beyond appeared a second and a third body of water. I asked myself if it could be a mirage, for the map showed nothing but desert at this place. Still, the water was so distinct that I could not believe it an illusion. Gradually, however, we drew nearer — the water evaporated, the trees faded, the lake and the oasis vanished. There was nothing but sand — sand burning in the blazing sun.

'The last time I was here, a little more than a month ago, our train was held up just before we reached Tcharjui,' said a fellow passenger, a Bolshevist staff-officer, who had come aboard with his wife at Ksushid. 'The Basmachi had captured the place, and it was a day before our soldiers drove them out and cleared the line.'

Basmachi is a general term applied to the insurgents in Bokhara and Turkestan. The Russians call them bandits. They do now and then attack trains and rob passengers, but their real objects are political. In Bokhara they are adherents of the exiled Emir, and in Turkestan opponents of the Bolsheviki. I had no desire to become better acquainted with them, and noted with satisfaction that the gentleman who was addressing me had a sword, a revolver, a rifle, and a dozen hand-grenades in his luggage.

A bridge, famous for its length, carries the railway across the ancient Oxus River. A huge volume of yellow, clayey water rolls indolently between its piers. I reflect what vast areas of plain and desert might be irrigated from this great stream; but nothing of the kind has been attempted, except here and there where a narrow strip of bank lies at almost the same level as the stream itself.

Again we plunge into the burning sand, but this time the desert is narrower, and we are soon surrounded by the most fertile land that I have yet seen in Turkestan. Wide green expanses, broken here and there by thickets and rows of trees, are dotted at intervals with compact, fortress-like villages. Bluish slime-covered pools glisten in the meadows. The grain, brown-golden in the autumn sun, stands ready for the sickle, and at times we pass stretches of lighter yellow stubble.

At Samarkand, I ascend to the roof of Chesser Mosque, which stands outside the city near the Sart Cemetery, and let my eyes drink in the beauty of the scene. Almost beneath me, half-hidden in its gardens and groves of ancient trees, lies Samarkand. Heavy-laden camels swing awkwardly forward toward the market in the town. Groups of riders in bright-colored cloaks gallop here and there among them.

Yonder rise the lofty arches of the mosque in memory of Tamburlaine's wife. There are no high buildings with which to compare it, but, judging it as it stands, it impresses one as the boldest masonry ever poised on high by the hands of men. Through the high vaulted gateway one enters a shady court, and then a second, likewise with towering arches, before he reaches the mosque itself. Both giant portals and the whole lofty structure are, or were, covered from fundament to pinnacle with blue majolica tiles. Dilapidated as the building is, enough remain to delight even the uninstructed visitor. But it would take weeks of study fully to understand the wonderful patterns. A blue miracle! Other colors are used sparingly: yellow, green, and orange just enough to set off the deeper tones of the blue tilework. Two shades of

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blue alternate: one a dark, deep violet, the other a radiant azure.

At one time the mosque was surmounted by a dome, of which remnants still remain. It was entirely covered with light-blue tiles; and even the remnants remaining to-day are so intensely blue that the southern Turkestan sky seems dark and gray by contrast.

In the centre of the city stands the Madresse, or Islamic University, founded by Tamburlaine, which made Samarkand in its day the scholastic centre of the Mohammedan world.

Three large, bright-colored buildings enclose a roomy quadrangle. Each is completely faced with blue tiles and presents distinctive architectural features. The first has two lofty, blue, glittering minarets, one of which stands at a more precarious angle than the Tower of Pisa, and is kept from tottering over by many guy ropes. The second has a magnificently decorated, thick, round tower, and the third a fluted dome, each one of whose convexities is covered with faïence. Within these buildings are quiet courts, with high, vaulted arches, upon which the students' rooms open.

This triple structure is enclosed on all sides by the bazaar. The stalls of the coppersmiths line the single side of the square left free by the buildings themselves. Along the walls, sellers of ices and confectionery have taken up their places. The former are a very simple delicacy — merely syrup poured over crushed ice. A little farther on is the shoe, leather, and soap bazaar. Every morning there is a general market, to which long processions of camels bring produce from the neighboring country.

When I had gazed my fill from the platform of the mosque, and was about to descend, I discovered in the distance, hidden amid the trees, another row of domes that invited my attention. I made my way across several sandy knolls, jumped over a low retaining wall, and found myself before a long flight of steps leading to a narrow gateway. I had already seen so much that was beautiful and interesting that my sensitiveness to new impressions was rather dulled. None the less, when I stepped through the gate, I stopped breathless with astonishment and delight. I found myself in a narrow street lined on either hand with little domed structures, the mausoleums of Islamic worthies.

All of these little buildings are faced with blue, and on many of them the tilework is still intact. The impression was so striking that I sank upon a bench and gazed for a time without drawing nearer.

Later I strolled through this azure avenue of tombs, and came to a second gate, where several Mohammedans were sitting. I saluted them, and entered the mosque, passing through quiet, cool apartments, until I found myself in a small but lofty room. It was dimly lighted through narrow loopholes in the tiny tower above the dome. Only one of these permitted a broad beam of sunshine to slip through, to be reflected with dazzling brilliance from the blue tiles of the wall.

I was entirely alone, and sank down upon the thick red carpet. Long horsetails hung from horizontal flagpoles over a narrow, wooden grating in the opposite wall with a gruesome resemblance to corpses on a gallows. I did not know what lay beyond — a sanctuary, a tomb, or merely a rubbish-room. But, after all, that was unimportant, for the atmosphere of the place was one of peace and spiritual meditation.

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SVEJK DISCUSSES FOREIGN POLICY

BY JAROSLAUS SASEK

[The following description of a matching of wits between two Czechs and an Austrian police spy forms a chapter in the war story, Svejk, Soldier Bold. *The author, who recently died, was sometimes referred to as the Czech Mark Twain. The chapter opens with the news of the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand.]*

From *Prager Tagblatt, January 5*
(GERMAN-CZECH DAILY)

'So they've killed Ferdinand for us.'

The charwoman addressed this remark to Svejk, who, since his discharge from long service in the army a few years before, supported himself by selling dogs of forged pedigree. Svejk suffered from rheumatism, and was just then rubbing ointment on his knee.

'What Ferdinand, Mrs. Miller?' asked Svejk, without interrupting his self-ministrations. 'I know two Ferdinands. One works up at Prusa's drug-store, the fellow who drank the hair restorer by mistake, and the other's Ferdinand Kokoska, the kennel-cleaner. No harm done if it's either of them.'

'But, my dear sir, this is the Archduke Ferdinand who owns Koponischt Castle up there. The fat, pious one.'

'Jesus Maria!' exclaimed Svejk. 'That's good. And where did it happen to the Archduke?'

'In Sarajevo, sir. They killed him with a revolver. He was there with his lady, the Archduchess, in an automobile.'

'So! In an automobile! Yes, of course a man like that can have such things. He does n't stop to think how unluckily a joy-ride may turn out. And in Sarajevo, too? That's in Bosnia, Mrs. Miller. Probably the Turks did it. We should n't have taken Bosnia and Herzegovina away from them. That's the way it goes, Mrs. Miller. So the Archduke's already in God's keeping? Did he suffer long?'

'Died on the spot, sir. You know it's no joke, this revolver business. Not long ago a man up at our place in Nusle got busy with a revolver and killed his whole family, and the landlord in addition, who had come up to see what all the noise was about in the third story.'

'Many a revolver, Mrs. Miller, won't shoot no matter what you do to it. There are a lot of them like that. But probably they bought a first-class one for the Archduke, and I'll bet you, Mrs. Miller, the fellow that did that job dressed up fine. You know, when you shoot an Archduke, it's something of a trick; not like a poacher shooting a forester. First of all, you have to get near him, and you can't get close to a gentleman like that in your everyday clothes. You must put on a silk hat, or the police will stop you. Did he shoot him once or several times?'

'The newspapers say, sir, that the Archduke was like a sieve. The fellow shot every cartridge at him.'

'You can do that in an instant, Mrs. Miller. They're fearfully quick. If I had a job like that, I'd buy a Browning. It looks like a plaything. But you

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could shoot twenty archdukes with one in two seconds — lean or fat. Just between ourselves, Mrs. Miller, the fat ones are better than the lean ones. They hold more holes. Do you remember the time they shot that king in Portugal? He was a fat fellow, too. Well, anyway, you cannot expect a king to be lean. I'll go down to U Kalicha pub. If anybody comes to get the rat terrier, on which I have received a payment, tell him that I've put him in my kennels out in the country — that I've just clipped his ears, and that he can't be moved for that reason. His ears must get well first, so that he won't catch cold. Leave my key with the janitor's wife.'

Only one guest was seated in U Kalicha pub, a certain Mr. Brettschneider, a plain-clothes man in the secret political police. The landlord, Palivec, was washing cups, and Brettschneider was trying vainly to engage him in conversation. Palivec was a famous grouch.

'Fine summer we 're having,' began Brettschneider hopefully.

'That is nothing to me,' growled Palivec, putting away his cups in a glass-doored cupboard.

'They got away with their job all right in Sarajevo,' ventured Brettschneider still hopefully.

'What Sarajevo?' asked Palivec. 'In the Nusle wine-shop? They're fighting there every day.'

'No. Sarajevo in Bosnia. They have shot Archduke Ferdinand down there. What do you think of it?'

'I don't mix up in such things. Every man to his taste,' answered Palivec, placidly lighting his pipe. 'Mixing up in such things nowadays might cost a man his neck. I am a business man, and if a fellow comes here and wants beer I give it to him; but your Sarajevos, your politics, and your lamented archdukes are n't for the likes of me. All you get for fooling with them is trouble.'

Brettschneider was silent, and gazed around the empty room moodily. 'Kaiser's picture used to hang up there,' he added after a while. 'There where your mirror is now.'

'Yes, quite so,' replied Palivec. 'He hung there, but he got so covered with fly specks that I took him down. You know it's likely to attract attention, and get a fellow criticized. Why should I invite remarks?'

Brettschneider relapsed again into moody silence, but brightened up when Svejk entered. The latter was hardly inside before he ordered a black beer, adding: 'They're mourning down in Vienna.'

Brettschneider's eyes lighted up with hope, but he merely said: 'Ten black flags are flying at Koponischt.'

'They ought to have twelve,' answered Svejk, first taking a sip of beer.

'Why twelve?' asked Brettschneider.

'It is more economical to buy them by the dozen. They come cheaper,' answered Svejk.

A silence ensued, which Svejk himself finally broke with a sigh: 'So he's already in God's keeping. God give him peace. He did not live to be Kaiser. When I was in the army, a general fell off of his horse and lay motionless. They picked him up to help him into the saddle, and were shocked to find him dead. He might have been a field-marshal sometime. That happened at an army inspection. Those inspections are always unlucky. They were having an inspection at Sarajevo. I remember once at an inspection I was short twenty buttons. They put me in the guardhouse for fourteen days, two days on bread and water. But they must have discipline in the army, else it would n't amount to anything. Our First-Lieutenant Makovec always said to us: "Disci-

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pline, you blockheads. We must have discipline. Otherwise you fellows would climb up trees like monkeys. It's military discipline that makes men of you, you wooden-headed dummies." That's so, is n't it? Just imagine a public park, say Karlsplatz, and up in every tree an undisciplined soldier. It always frightens me just to think of it.'

'In Sarajevo,' interrupted Brettschneider, 'it was the Serbs who did it.'

'You are mistaken,' said Svejk. 'The Turks did it, on account of Bosnia and Herzegovina,' and Svejk expounded his views of Austria's international policies in the Balkans. The Turks had lost in their war against Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece in 1912. They wanted Austria to help them, and because she would not they had shot Ferdinand.

'Are you a friend of the Turks?' concluded Svejk, addressing the landlord. 'Do you like those pagan dogs? Of course not. You don't like them.'

'One customer's the same as another to me,' said Palivec. 'A Turk for all I care. We business men do not care for politics. Pay for your beer, sit here, and say what you want to. Those are my principles. Whether the fellow who killed Ferdinand was a Serb or a Turk, a Catholic or a Mohammedan, an anarchist or a young Czech, it is all the same to me.'

'Quite so, quite so, landlord,' interrupted Brettschneider, beginning to despair of getting anything compromising out of either of the men. 'But you will admit that it's a great loss for Austria?'

Svejk answered for the proprietor: 'Ah, it's a loss, of course. You cannot deny that — a dreadful loss. You cannot replace Ferdinand with the next fool you meet. But he ought to have been a little fatter.'

'What do you mean by that?' asked Brettschneider alertly.

'What do I mean by that?' answered Svejk pleasantly. 'Just this. If he'd been fatter, he might have had a stroke when he was chasing the poor old peasant women off his place up there at Koponischt Castle, just because they came in to gather mushrooms and faggots. And he would have been saved a tragic death like this. I would n't like to be the Archduke's widow. What will she do now? Her children are orphans. There is no master up at Koponischt. Can she marry another Archduke? What would she get by that? She would go down to Sarajevo again with him, and be a widow a second time. A long time ago there was a forester up at Hliboka. He had an ugly name — Pindour. Some poachers shot him, and left his wife a widow with two children. A year later she married another forester, Pepik Savlovik of Mydlovar. And the poachers shot him too. Then she married a third time — another forester also, saying, "All good things come by threes. If I don't do better this time, I don't know what I'll do." As might be expected, they shot him. At this time she had six children. She even went to the audience room of the Prince at Hliboka and complained of her tragic time with foresters. Someone advised her to marry Jares, the fish-pond keeper. And what do you suppose? He was drowned while emptying one of the ponds. She now had eight children. Then she married the sausage-man at Vodnia. He killed her with his cleaver, and voluntarily surrendered himself to justice. When he was standing on the gallows at Pisek, he bit the nose off the priest, and said he was not sorry for what he had done; and he even made vile remarks about the Emperor.'

Brettschneider's face lighted up with

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hope. 'And what was it he said about the Emperor? Don't you know?'

'I can't tell you, for no one dared to repeat it; but it's said to have been something so horrible and dreadful that a public solicitor who was standing by went crazy and they had to keep him in strict confinement for fear he would tell what he heard. That was no *Majestätsbeleidigung*, such as a man may commit when he's drunk.'

'What kind of *Majestätsbeleidigung* do men commit when they're drunk?' asked Brettschneider.

'I beg you, gentlemen, talk of something else,' interrupted Palivec. 'You know I don't like this kind of chatter. People are likely to say something they'll regret.'

'What kind of *Majestätsbeleidigung* do men commit when they're drunk?' repeated Svejk. 'All sorts. You just get good and drunk yourself once and let someone play the Austrian national hymn to you, and you'll see what you say. You'll invent so many bad things about the Kaiser that if half of what you said was true it would be enough to disgrace you for your whole life. But the old chap does n't deserve it, honestly. Just consider — he lost his son Rudolph just when the latter was in the prime of life. Somebody stabbed his wife, Elizabeth. Then he lost Johann Orth; his brother, the Emperor of Mexico, was shot in a fortress where they stood him up against the wall. Now, when he is an old man, they have shot his uncle. Ah, he must be a fellow with iron nerves. Then some chap gets irresponsible with drink and begins to cuss him out. If anything should happen now, I would volunteer and serve the Kaiser to the end of my life.'

Svejk took a deep draught, and continued: 'You think the Kaiser's going to let things go on this way? You don't know what you are talking about. We've got to have a war with Turkey. You've shot my uncle — take this in the jaw. War is certain. Serbia and Russia will help us in this war. We'll make short work of them.'

Svejk was fairly going now. His simple countenance, radiant as the moon in its last quarter, glowed with enthusiasm. He felt as if he were inspired from on high. 'Maybe,' he continued, following up his vision of Austria's future, 'the Germans will attack us if we go to war with Turkey. For the Dutchmen and the Turks are close friends. They're the worst scoundrels in the world, the both of them. We must make an alliance with France. She's been waiting to get even with Germany ever since 1871. That'll be easy. There's going to be a war. That's all I've got to say now.'

Brettschneider rose and observed in a cold, formal voice: 'You need n't say any more. Come out in the entry with me. I've got something to say to you.'

Svejk accompanied the plain-clothes man into the entry, where an unpleasant shock awaited him. For his drinking companion exhibited an Imperial eagle-badge, and told him he was under arrest, and must go at once to the police office. Svejk tried to explain that the gentleman was mistaken; that he was absolutely innocent; that he had not said a word that could offend anyone. Brettschneider insisted that he had laid himself open to all sorts of crimes, including high treason.

Thereupon they returned to the barroom, and Svejk said to Palivec: 'I've had five beers, a roll, and a sausage. Give me another glass of beer. I've got to go. I'm under arrest.'

Brettschneider showed Palivec his little eagle-badge, stared at the landlord for a time, and then asked: 'Are you married?'

'Sure.'

'Can your wife run the business while you're away?'

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'Sure.'

'Then everything's all right, landlord,' said Brettschneider, with a glow of satisfaction. 'Call your wife, and put things into her charge. We'll come for you this evening.'

'Don't take it hard,' said Svejk comfortingly to the innkeeper. 'I'm merely charged with high treason.'

'But what have you against me?' asked Palivec in alarm. 'I kept my tongue to myself.'

Brettschneider laughed and replied exultantly: 'Because you said that the Kaiser was covered with fly specks. We'll soon get such ideas out of your head.'

Svejk left the U Kalicha pub with the plain-clothes man. As soon as they were in the street he beamed good-naturedly at his companion and asked: 'Shall I walk in the gutter?'

'Why?'

'I suppose that if I'm under arrest I have no right to walk on the sidewalk.'

When they entered the police office, Svejk remarked again: 'How the time flies! Do you often go to U Kalicha?'

While Svejk was being examined, the landlord of the cozy pub was turning his business over to his weeping wife, whom he comforted with the remark: 'Don't cry. Stop your howling. What can they do to me on account of that d——d old picture of the Kaiser?'

Thus was the bold soldier Svejk introduced to the World War. And if things turned out rather differently from what he had prophesied over his five glasses of beer at U Kalicha, we must be lenient with him, for he had not had the good fortune to receive a thorough diplomatic education.

STORIES FROM MY LIFE

BY BJÖRN BJÖRNSON

[A movement is on foot in Norway to purchase Aulestad, the homestead of Björnstjerne Björnson, and make it a national literary shrine in honor of the great liberal leader. At the same time a book by his son, Björn Björnson, himself an author of repute, is attracting wide attention. In Stories from My Life, *Björn Björnson presents some distinguished friends and companions of his father and tells how they impressed him when he was a boy. As here translated into English for the first time, the parts selected furnish a picture of Björnstjerne Björnson more intimate than anything so far known, and describe the hostility rising from the patriotic poet's liberalism, which ultimately led to a charge of high treason.]*

We were very proud of Lökken, the home that father had bought. The house lay in a big garden. Right before us was the bay. There was a public bath-house, most uninviting in appearance. Up above, on the height, stood the villa of Jörgen Heftye, quite correct in its outer aspects; but we never saw an open window there, and the doors were closed tight. No human figure appeared. In my imagination it stood for the whole city of Christiania with which none of us had anything to do — in other words, the enemy!

Our house was almost a cottage, with a big kitchen below, white-painted walls, and vines stretching upward. All was inviting and open, and we young-

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sters ran in and out as we wished. The old trees stood scattered around as wind and weather had originally placed them, and the garden flourished without being cared for. There were plenty of apples and other good things of the soil, and mother's kitchen suffered while we and our playmates got the benefit.

What a wonderful time it was! It was a world without limitations; for back of the high hedge we played that we were in America, and to the east we had Russia, while down below the Cape was a vision of the Southland, in the hot summer sun. I recall it all as nothing but light and joy. Lökken was a fairy tale. And right in the midst of the adventure we met the fairy king himself. During a certain night the storm tore down a very old tree. It fell right across the lawn. How dejectedly the fresh green leaves hung down! Hans Christian Andersen took my brother in his lap with me at his knees. Nobody, he said, understood what it all meant. He explained what the grass was thinking about the dead tree. He told us about the clouds above and especially about the birds.

Hans Christian Andersen had much to tell us about the whole garden. I see him before me now — that large head, the back, so disproportionate to his long body. Then his mouth, so expressive and mobile. I recall particularly his wonderful smile and the brilliance of his eyes as he turned that old tree into a living thing, lying there as if in its death-struggle.

Father took Andersen on an outing to show him the natural beauties of the country, and we children went along. At a certain place we stopped, the sea stretching far and wide below us. My father remarked: 'Well, my dear friend, is it not beautiful?' Andersen replied: 'Yes, yes! how beautiful it is!'

Suddenly he saw some blue flowers at the roadside, and cried out joyously: 'Oh, just see! Are n't they magnificent?' He had to get down from the carriage and pick the flowers, and he looked glorious as he returned laden with his treasure.

At the same time that Andersen was in Christiania, Stjernström, the noted theatrical director and actor, and his wife were visiting us, and they, too, went along on the outing. Stopping at the hotel in Hönsefos matters had to be arranged for the night so that Andersen got a room with exit only through another room. He lived in constant dread of thieves and murderers. My father and Stjernström occupied the room next to his on one side, and Mrs. Stjernström, my mother, and I the room on the other side.

Everybody had retired for the night, when all of a sudden Stjernström was heard to cry out: 'In heaven's name —' Great consternation all around. In the centre of the room stood a tall, bent form with a lighted candle in his hand. Around the head was tied a white cloth; the long night-shirt and slippers completed the costume. The long crooked nose seemed to absorb most of the light. Passing through the room occupied by father and Stjernström he opened the door to the other room and stood still on the threshold. Everybody sat up and looked at him in astonishment.

In a low and earnest voice Andersen asked, 'Are you very sure it is safe for me to sleep in there?'

Everybody assured him that he had nothing to fear and that he could rest safely. Then, as quietly as he had come, he started back to his room, but, as he said the next day, there was no more sleep for him. 'You see,' he intimated, 'there is always some danger; you never can tell.'

I remember how after Andersen had gone away my father sat one afternoon and told some friends about him. I think Grieg was there and also Erika

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Lie. I recall what father said: 'We all know that Andersen has a wonderful sense for the grand in nature. At one time he was on a steamer in the Mediterranean. It was a beautiful night with thousands of stars lighting up the firmament, while the distant sound of waves, lapping the coast of Africa, reached the ship. "I was alone on deck," Andersen said; "at least I thought so, and I wanted someone to talk to who felt as I did. At last I spied an old Arab curled up in the stern of the ship and I went up to him.

'"Allah —" I said, pointing up to the stars.

'"The old man arose, lifted a hand high above his head and answered: 'Allah —'

'"We understood each other. And I was happy."'

Father continued: 'Andersen's imagination frequently assumed dimensions that he could not master. Shortly after Odense, the city of his birth, had made him an honorary citizen, I met him in Copenhagen. He was very much depressed over the fact that the newspapers of Copenhagen had not taken any particular notice of the honors bestowed on him. But he soon got over his depression as he laughingly told me what had happened to him as he was lying in bed in the fine room that the city had placed at his disposal in the hotel in Odense.

'"I was so glad and affected by all the honors that had fallen to my lot in my native city," he said, "that I had entirely forgotten to look under the bed to see whether some strange person was not hidden there. I was afraid to get up. The bell cord was too far away. I arose in bed, while my heart beat faster and faster, and, grasping a book on the table near me, hurled it under the bed with a yell of 'I know you are there!' But as a matter of fact there was n't anybody!"'

I remember how all the grown-ups laughed. But not I, for I was very young at the time and rather afraid.

I lived my own life at Lökken and in the school, or else with a few comrades. The city was not fond of us. I did not understand why, but only knew that it concerned father, who championed causes that I had no idea of.

'Is it true, father,' I asked him, 'that you have written "Yes, we love this land of ours"?'

'Just hear that boy of yours, Karoline!' father would say. 'What a dreamer! Yes, it is your father who has done that and Richard has set it to music. How does the boy do in school, Karoline? Let me see the report card, my boy.'

Thank heavens that just then somebody called, and I was saved. Mother stood there and looked at me with knowing eyes. She had to account for all our sins, all the good and the bad that we did in those days. Yes, Karoline managed it all. She was our dear mother, our friend, loving and kind and shrewd and full of good nature, often tired, but always with time enough to do something more. She was the connecting link between us and father in there in his study.

In those days I found everything delightful — except the school and the city. The city seemed to do nothing else but lie in wait to see how much harm it could do father. Much happened that gave me cause for feeling that way. One day some boys threw stones after me as they cried: 'You wolf, son of a wolf.'

Crying I went up to a policeman.

'What's your name?' he asked.

I told him.

'And you're a son of that puffed-up fellow?'

That was all the comfort I got from him. It may sound strange now, but that was the situation then.

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'Mother,' I asked one day, 'why do you also cut father's hair?' Father was sitting crosswise on a chair, while mother was busy with the scissors.

'I will tell you why, my boy,' father replied. 'Most of the people in the city do not like me and I cannot go among them without running a risk that somebody will insult me. That happened once when I was about to get shaved. That is why I prefer to stay away. Do you understand?'

'But why are people that way?' I asked.

'Because I am too liberal for them. They call me a shyster. Do you know what that means?'

'No.'

'You explain it to him, Karoline.'

Father rose as the hair was brushed off his clothes. Then he went into his study. Mother explained nothing to me. 'Go in and do your lessons,' was all she said. I did as I was told, but felt that there was something wrong somewhere.

Since that time, whenever I have had to put on *An Enemy of the People* at the National Theatre my thoughts have gone back to those boyhood days in Christiania, and I did not wonder that my father, on his seventieth birthday, after having called on Ibsen, told me this story: —

'We were sitting in Ibsen's study when he suddenly said to me, "When I look back, my dear Björnson, you are the one who in spite of everything has been closest to my heart. And in that piece, you know — that is, the one with the physician at the bath —"'

My father did not understand.

'You know, that about the microbes?'

'No,' said my father.

Both sat silent for a moment.

'*An Enemy of the People*,' said Ibsen suddenly. 'When I wrote that I was thinking of you. You are not such an ordinary man as he was, but still it is you.'

My father came straight from Ibsen's home and told me this.

How often was I made to realize that I was the son of 'The Enemy of the People' — that is, in Christiania. I seldom discussed this with mother, and with father never. At one time it happened that a man down at the pier came up to me and asked whether it was true that I was a son of Björnson; and when I said yes, he turned aside as he spat in disgust, exclaiming: 'The devil you say!'

It is certain that in those days my father was greatly surprised when anyone spoke kindly to him.

'Just listen to this, Karoline,' he said to mother as he returned from the city on a certain day. I stood close by and heard it all. 'I was down in Jean Mette's store and while I stood there a young man came up to me and said in a loud tone of voice — there were other people present — "I am a student and my name is Midling. May I have the honor of greeting you?" Think of it; I was greatly affected. A courageous fellow, that, I vow! I shall never forget his name.'

He never did forget it. Midling and my father kept up a friendship that lasted until the former's death. Midling was a big landowner in Sweden when he died.

At that time I was thirteen years old, Einar eight and a half, and Bergliot three. Our first little Dagny was born there at Lökken and died before she was one year old. Toward evening we were all sitting there, awaiting the end. She just went to sleep. None of us could hide our sorrow. Father put in the paper, 'Our lovely little Dagny died yesterday.' As a result he received a number of anonymous letters. One of the writers wanted to know if she was a dancer since her loveliness was made

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public in that fashion. Father and mother took this much to heart. They never forgot it.

Mother had to suffer a great deal herself because of father's unpopularity in Christiania. One day in a company assembled at the home of General Raeder she met the wife of the Danish admiral, Moeller, who lived most of the time in Christiania. When my mother was presented to her she asked, 'Is it to this Björnson who writes that you are married?'

As my mother acknowledged the fact the highborn lady said, 'It is too bad that he is such a tactless person.'

My mother replied quickly, 'In case that is so, you at least go him one better.'

When things like that happened it was more pleasant than ever to be at home there at Lökken with the high hedge and the closed garden-gate between us and the city.

The first time I was in Italy I was only twenty-two months old. My parents had been absent from each other seven months. My mother took me to Rome — no easy journey in those days, I am told. In the hotels along the way the bureau drawer was my bed, and I never cried, they say, when I woke up and mother was not there. After many trials en route we reached Genoa. Mother had telegraphed father, but he never got the message. The Papal State must have considered it suspicious, heaven alone knows why.

Then, on the boat from Genoa to Civitavecchia, mother could not find her passport. She was in despair. An old priest tried to console her and gave us candy. The entire boat was concerned in the loss of the passport. The young and handsome donna with her little bambino interested all greatly. The situation was desperate as the boat neared the pier at Civitavecchia, and when the gendarmes came on board everybody was expectant. Without a passport we had to go back, and of money mother had very little. On the pier there was no Björnstjerne. The young signora shed bitter tears, but the lad in her arms just laughed lustily.

All hands got busy; eyes searched in every direction. Finally the passport and other papers were found; the purser on the boat had mislaid them. How mother located father in Rome is a story by itself.

At another time, in August 1872, my mother tells me, father said to her: 'Karoline, we will go to Italy; we two alone. I must work, and I cannot accomplish anything here.'

'No, Björnstjerne,' replied mother, 'not without the children. Just think of leaving them here in Christiania without us. No, it won't do, Björnstjerne. And I must have assistance. Lina (the maid) must come along.'

'All right, Lina comes along. Wonderful.'

The ensuing week was occupied with our preparations. It was to be one step nearer to the great adventure. Father went here and there in high spirits, while mother worked with might and main to get ready.

'We must have money, Karoline. You must write to Hegel (the publisher).'

That was always the hardest task for mother. 'Yes, yes,' she sighed and wrote. And then we went away.

We were six in all. We traveled third class on the railroad. Mother looked after everything — the baggage, the tickets, all. Father was greatly irritated at every delay. The journey led from Malmo through Berlin. We came to Schwaz in the Tyrol. At last we continued southward. It was trying both for the grown people and the children to travel third class. Mother was so sorry that father had to work so hard

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for us. She would have preferred to have him travel alone so as to be more comfortable.

After Florence we reached Rome. We went to housekeeping near the Piazza Barberini. In school it was history that interested me most, and to me Rome was the great wonder. Our friend, Pelegrini, went around with me. Modern Italy appealed most to him, and at the Porta Pia he became more enthusiastic than ever, as with many gestures and sparkling eyes he described the conquest of Rome, now that we stood on the very spot where the Italian troops had broken through. This had taken place sometime before, but everything still breathed of victory and success and of the wonderful events that had taken place there.

Garibaldi's name rose up as the morning sun. Father had told me all about him, but it was not until later that we saw him. Once more we had come to Rome. We resided in Capo le Case, not far from Monte Pincio. Einar and I had a Danish-Italian teacher who had fought under Garibaldi. He had a big snow-white beard, and wore a very broad-brimmed black hat. Both of us boys were wild about Garibaldi, and after he had been expected in Rome as a deputy and failed to come Einar wrote him a letter in which he said that a Norwegian lad longed for him to come. Einar also said that in Norway Garibaldi was the ideal of everybody; ships, horses, and cattle were named after him.

'A compliment *du bœuf* Garibaldi will call this,' laughed father.

But the most remarkable of all was that an answer actually did come. We were home in Norway when it happened. We were almost taken off our feet when we noticed the Caprera postmark. And, in spite of all former admonitions to the contrary, we marched into father's study — Einar leading the way. Father was walking up and down as was his wont when at work, but stood still when we entered, and gazed on us as if we came from another world.

'A letter — a letter from Garibaldi, I think,' I ventured. We considered it only proper that no other person but father should be the first to open it.

'You don't say,' replied father as he took the letter. Sure enough! There it was written: '*Caro Einar, Io vengo subito a Roma* (Dear Einar, I shall soon be in Rome). Giuseppe Garibaldi.' The letter hangs under glass in a frame at Aulestad.

To return to Rome, then. Soon the day arrived when he was expected. Big posters announced his expected arrival. I remember a parrot that kept crying, 'He did n't take, he did n't take — the money — the money.'

That meant that Garibaldi had refused to accept money tendered him by the State. He lived almost in poverty on his island. Sentiment ran high in Rome. There was military music everywhere. The Garibaldi march was constantly in the air. One day I stood with many others on the Spanish stairway. He was expected, but did n't come. At last the day. All of Rome had gathered at the railroad station, when the Government for some reason decided that he should arrive at another point. Everybody scrambled in the direction from which military music was coming. The crowd was simply stifling. We did n't get very near, but at last we saw him. Rather short of body, bent forward, dressed in his red blouse with a gray cape over his shoulders, there he stood leaning on his son Menotti, with Crispi at his side. All around him were men in uniforms and civilian dignitaries.

'*Eviva! Eviva!*' came from thousands of throats. Many were crying, I among them. Father had told me so much about the one on whom I now gazed

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that I could not keep back tears of joy. The scene beggars description. Later, at the hotel on Piazza Barberini, where Garibaldi had been installed, he came out on the balcony in response to continuous calls, and in a deep, well-sounding voice merely said, 'Good night. Now go home. Sleep well. I thank you.'

Had Garibaldi wished it, said father, the monarchy would have ceased to exist from that day. But he believed that a monarchical régime at that time was best for the purpose of a united Italy.

I also saw the aged Vittorio Emanuele. He was far from tall. His face was the most curious combination of colors, with heavy bags hanging from his cheeks. His immense moustache seemed to me to have no business in that face. Father told me that on the day Rome was conquered the King arrived entirely unexpected in a cab, without song or music. It made a deep impression on the public that His Majesty went in person to Garibaldi's carriage and invited him to the palace.

Garibaldi's birthday came. He was living outside the city where anyone who wished could go and see him. The troops were expected to pass in review before him, but we arrived before the soldiers. Early as we were, the roads were already filled with people. What a continuous stream filed through the house! It took hours. At last we had a chance to get in and entered a small hall. There he was sitting, bent over, a cripple suffering from rheumatism. But what a wonderful face, and what eyes! At last we stood before him. The old fighter who was with us grasped his hand and pointed out Einar to Garibaldi. He then took both of us by the hand and smiled. Then we passed on to make room for others crowding behind us.

I remember how Garibaldi's political attitude impressed my father. 'He is a full-fledged Republican,' he said, 'but he sets aside his particular ideas for the good of the whole. He is not so ambitious that he wants his name ahead of everything.'

Later father attended a great Garibaldi meeting in the Teatro Argentino. All the liberal leaders sat on the stage, father among them. Einar and I were among the people in the orchestra. A picture was taken of the group on the stage, father standing back of an Italian flag.

'On occasions like these,' father said later, 'I prefer to disappear into a mouse hole.'

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THE NOVELS OF MARCEL PROUST

BY RENÉ BOYLESVE

[*The January number of* La Nouvelle Revue Française *is entirely devoted to Marcel Proust, who died last November. With James Joyce and Dorothy Richardson, Proust was one of the most extreme writers of the stream-of-consciousness novel. Highly subjective, indifferent to plot, he wrote novels which can hardly be called stories at all. His books were largely autobiographical, and sought merely to record the growth of a consciousness and to delve into unconscious memory — hence the general title of his sequence,* À la recherche du temps perdu. *The first of the series,* Du côté de chez Swann, *has recently been translated by Mr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff under the title,* Swann's Way. *Much of Proust's work first appeared in the* Nouvelle Revue Française, *which leads the van of modernism in modern French letters. M. Boylesve, of the French Academy, is one of nearly sixty writers from every nation who contribute to the bulky issue of* 340 *pages with which the magazine pays homage to the dead novelist.*]

From *La Nouvelle Revue Française, January*
(PARIS MODERNIST LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE death of Marcel Proust is the greatest misfortune that could have occurred. His talent was at least equal to the greatest; he was in the full tide of his literary creation, with five, ten, twenty, or twenty-five years less behind him than authors who are rightly regarded as famous; and, last of all, his literary reputation had just begun. He was still in the period of struggle, the militant time in an author's life, which is also the most active, the most effervescent, and the most fruitful — a time that justifies hopes of every kind.

Perhaps I shall induce people to pay even more heed to an author who produced upon me — a most unpromising subject — an impression such as no other could, if I frankly relate the various phases of my own struggle with his work — a struggle which ended in my complete conversion.

In the beginning I found Proust distasteful. I lost my way in his labyrinth of interminable phrases and those archaic constructions of his that to my taste — which favors simplicity — had the fault of deliberately clashing with established usages. I would read a few pages, lose patience, and then in exasperation throw the book away. But I had a fear, almost a morbid fear, of being unfair. Later on I would pick it up again and open at random. Some paragraphs — and when you are discussing Proust that is the same thing as saying whole pages, and very compact pages at that — would hold me. I would even find the qualities that, in literature, charm me most of all — striking and original expression of contemporary life, unforgettable figures, a cool, characteristic atmosphere, a veiled irony, neither petty nor disdainful, but an irony that in the hands of great writers is the mark of a critical faculty brought from on high; finally, and best of all, the virtue without which no book can ever please me — poetic feeling.

Yet, in spite of all these glances, I never read *Du côté de chez Swann* (*Swann's Way*) completely through, nor did I finish the books that followed it. Proust's way of writing irritated me, even though I was already taking my stand among his partisans. There were fragments of his work that, whatever

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else they may have been, were certainly worth more than whole books by other writers who had no faults at all. So far, however, I did not really know Proust.

It was only during my last vacation that an extremely painstaking study from the pen of Mr. Charles Du Bos, in his book, *Approximations*, which contained a very long and in every way excellent discussion of Marcel Proust, awakened my scruples. I was won over. Yes, that is true. But I could not help thinking, all the same, that some of Proust's thurifers exaggerated a little bit.

Their enthusiasm was too broad, too sudden. It was not very different from snobbery. It resembled an infatuation that had nothing at all to do with judgment.

Still, the main thing was to have a clear conscience in the end. If I was to lose my time and my effort in reading a difficult book, a book filled to the brim and very considerable in size, so much the worse for me. I made up my mind to set my teeth and read without pause, and without omitting a line, the seven huge volumes that had already appeared.

On to the task! I read them, and not once had I any desire to break off while I was at it. Moreover, when I was compelled to break off, either through a professional obligation or through courtesy, in order to open a few of the best recent books, even these seemed to me to suffer by comparison. They were flat and flavorless after the taste left on my palate by the amazing work of Marcel Proust.

I felt as though, amid the fairy lakes of a new creator, I were watching the coming of an art that was not merely a revival, — too often nothing more than the mere refurbishing of accepted values, — but an art that had very properly broken with our traditional formulas, however peculiar it might seem; a spontaneous art, no matter what it deliberately sought to appear; an art already finished in spite of its youth; an art as ripe and juicy as a fruit, as delightful as a summer day, and at the same time mature, wise, and humanly intelligent.

I finished the reading of the last book with the disappointment of a child who wants something more to follow a fine story. And then, after I had gone for a walk and changed my surroundings in order to break the charm, I set myself to analyzing my impressions, to criticizing them with more than ordinary rigor, and to rejecting some of them, even unfairly, rather than to fall under any spell. And yet my impressions did not change. I weighed them, I subjected them to the cool light of reason. The work of Marcel Proust commands our entire respect.

The quality that delayed a wider reading among French readers who plunged into his immense books without being warned is the daring — or perhaps merely the indifferent — shrug of the shoulders with which the author rejects the ordinary romantic trimming-up to which we are accustomed. It seems as though the ordinary rules of composition are violated without any scruples.

The plot, hallowed by the usage of generations of novelists, is simply left out; the famous 'dramatic situation' — with its 'exposition,' its 'links,' or its 'critical point,' and its 'dénouement,' which we stubbornly demand from the ordinary novel, and which endure so much bungling work and such insults to truth, which produce so many banal platitudes, demand the employment of such worn-out devices, and are, moreover, the cause of so much equivocation and regrettable reticence — Marcel Proust refuses to have anything to do with, though he is well enough ac-

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quainted with his predecessors who reduced it to its simplest form.

He has given his epic the appearance of memoirs to prevent anyone from thinking that he is indulging in any trickery. And how well he has done it! For, though a good many ordinary people read this book to follow the commonplace daily record, why should anyone reread it if it did not contain something that was wholly foreign to the humdrum of every day? Composition, however, is another matter; and if anyone makes the complaint that Proust has avoided difficulties let us warn the reader that he need not form a very extended acquaintance with these numerous volumes before he begins to see that the art of composition is neither left out nor despised, but, quite the contrary, is practised with more skill than usual in a field a good deal larger than ordinary, and that the books spread out a fresco far beyond the limits expected.

The cycle finished, the last volume closed, the reader, running over in his mind the hundred varied acts of this powerful comedy, finds his taste for order and logical development wholly satisfied.

À la recherche du temps perdu may seem like a mere stitching-together of every sheet of paper that a prolix writer, who was usually ill, let fall from his sick-bed. Yet how often I have lingered, delighted to the point of astonishment, over the interior picture of Swann's family; over the picture of Madame Swann's promenade down the Avenue du Bois. But at that time I did not know the masterly story of Swann's love, or the incomparable adventure of his marriage.

In this novel, which is developed after the fashion of many primitive stories, the episode of Swann's love affair, although cut up into bits and distributed somewhat arbitrarily through the book, becomes, when reassembled in the reader's memory, one of the finest love stories that literature has produced; but over it and around it the prodigal author has scattered jewels of every kind. The main portions are set amid a hundred aspects of diverse nature, which disturb the reader for a while, perhaps most of all because no one of them reveals inferior ability on the author's part, and because all stir equal interest within us.

Merely to consider this great book superficially is to be struck by the variety of human characters whose pictures it contains, a quality that would make one think of Balzac, if one could imagine a Balzac who had come down from his professor's chair of sociology; a Balzac who had acquired the most delicated sensitiveness — an income, too, perhaps — and no less of taste; a Balzac who was forgetful of his daily stint as well as of the public, and a delicate mocker after the fashion of the enigmatic masks of Leonardo. You cannot really picture Balzac thus. You diminish his strength by imagining him with qualities that are not his. Neither do you show off to advantage the exquisite artistry of Proust by bringing him into the neighborhood of a rough-hewn colossus. Above the coarse clay in which Balzac is modeled Proust hovers like the winged figure of Shakespeare's Ariel.

But Proust has made his own *Comédie humaine*. He has made 'good comedy.' He has found a way, through the variety of his own gifts, to permit a chosen few, who had forgotten how, to enjoy the high literary merit of the spectacle of men as they are: men in contact with each other, men talking their real language, men indulging in the conversation of every day, an approximation of their most ordinary gestures — the same flame that bursts forth in the dialogues of Aristophanes, of Terence, of Cervantes, or of Molière.

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Proust has the enviable privilege of making younger circles appreciate an art that has nothing lyric about it — or, to put it more exactly, an art related to that final stage of all artistic effort only by prolonged sonorities of the finished work.

One does not enter casually into the lyric promised land. The keenness of our desire for that Eden exalts our language. With our very first poem or our earliest pages we wish to be regarded as sublime; whereas — quite the contrary — I discern among the great writers an attitude of extreme modesty. The care that chiefly exercises them is never to set down a word that exceeds the idea they wish to express. In them one never finds an effort at soaring flights; and yet, after they have depicted with honest fairness what they find in the humblest of human creatures, after they have finished their work, — with no outcry, with (just Heavens!) no singing of hymns over what they are doing, — a song arises from that work which causes those who hear it to bend the knee.

What is the tone in which Proust has described the love affairs of Swann? What is the tone in which he describes the life and the death of his old aunt in Combray? What is the tone of his personal relations, of such pure beauty, with his grandmother? What is the tone — and this is perhaps the place where I feel most surely the presence of genius — of the wretched story of Vinteuil's sonata? People of the earth earthy, insignificant everyday events; then Proust breathes upon these pygmies and their figures are rendered immortal.

It is a curious situation. Comedy, the most universal literary genre, the one most certain to win posterity, the richest of all, — since it embraces everything, even poetry (Don Quixote and Alceste are evidence of that), — is the one genre least honored by our contemporaries, who, smitten with a mad desire for heights and depths, think that they will find them everywhere except in the knowledge of the human spirit. To-day the lyric note — which people nowadays confuse with verbal sleight-of-hand — holds the place of honor. Novelty, even freakishness are almost as highly regarded. People bow before thought baldly expressed. Philosophy, sociology, and every science is looked into, moral science still more. A picturesque description wins applause. But the proper subject of the literary novel and drama — a knowledge of character, of psychology, of manners — has become a mere matter of conversation among us. These matters are treated brilliantly enough and at length in conversation, but for the best part of society there is no charm in carrying them over into literature where they produce merely a sensation already known.

Then, how has Proust been able to win attention for his *Comédie humaine?* By drenching his pages in the streams of richness and opulence drawn from the springs of his fairy garden. The way of writing that he chose for himself, ruling out any strict or merely conventional restraint, has permitted him to become a novelist without denying him the privilege of being at the same time an essayist of his own peculiar kind. By the precision or the biting quality of his reflections, he holds the reader who is not attracted by the art of 'reproducing life.'

He delights landscape-lovers by a flood of pictures done with the most extreme perfection, dwelling on this art — which, for such a man as he, is after all secondary — until he almost makes us believe that he is primarily a painter in words. Quite at his ease, since nothing in his artistic creed prevents the lavish use of literary hors d'œuvre, he

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shows his capacity to deal with music as well as his artistic erudition. He talks directly to you in the course of his writings, like a superior dilettante, of the way to do things, of these numerous long-drawn-out side-shows which our society enjoys, because it loves above everything else to exchange opinions, whatever they may be, rather than to come directly into contact with a work of art, properly so-called.

It is these interpolations that have saved the comedy. They are all one to him. I love Proust the essayist just as much as Proust the novelist. I admire him for being able to bring together under the same literary roof, thanks to a formula that can be extended to an unbelievable degree, two arts that link themselves so naturally in the born novelist, arts which the canons have hitherto held apart.

Can anybody imagine a great novelist who is not, at bottom, a sound moralist? Ordinarily the novelist merely presents to the public by means of his animated puppets the results of his own meditations and the incarnation of his thoughts. Only he who knows what lies underneath the art itself is able to pierce through the images, to get behind the marionettes, to see how far he has fallen short of universal and individual knowledge, how much expenditure of intellect, of judgment, he has indulged in.

In casting off the yoke of the laws of novel-writing, Marcel Proust has freed himself from the humiliating condition of the fiction-writer. He has seized for himself the royal privilege of spreading out all his gifts before us. He is literally possessed of all literary gifts, and our heads bow before his magnificent impudence.

An extraordinary case, a case that is probably unique, for it is of no avail to try to follow in his path if you did not receive at birth the magic gift of the same fairy that endowed him. He has passed among us like a meteor, leaving one of the most complete bodies of writing in our literature, and the most amazing.

I should be dismayed were anyone to imagine that I have given a final opinion, in these pages, upon the work of Marcel Proust. They ought rather to be regarded as a first glance, a fragmentary essay, a somewhat superficial prologue, and it is at the point where I leave off that someone else ought to begin the study that such a subject merits.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE ETERNAL VIGIL

BY HENEAGE WYNNE FINCH

[*Cornhill*]

Pity the Gods, in that they needs must keep
All knowledge in their hands forevermore.
For them Time holds no sudden pangs in store:
No hammer-stroke of Fate
Can pierce their lonely state —
No blinding ecstasy,
Either of pain or bliss,
Can ever set them free
From their eternal task, which is but this:
To keep unending vigil without sleep.

Pity the Gods, for that they may not taste
Our vivid lottery of Mortality.
With rainbow glories rife,
Joy, Hate, Love, Strife,
Blend in the molten flux of Human Life,
Tinting the record as the scroll rolls by.
Pity the Gods, themselves Eternity,
Who in their awesome task know neither pause nor haste.

Pity the Gods, whose weary feet have paced
For æons all the mansions of the sky.
For them, like some vast phantom-haunted waste,
Time's arid levels mock Infinity:
Long burning plains forlorn
Under a burning sky,
Where whirlwinds, wreathed and torn,
Stir the harsh yellow sands eternally.
And from that desert never hillock swells
To break its drab and dread monotony;
No flute of birds, no tinkling camel-bells
Pierce the deep hush with silver melody.
Here never low hills screen
Some nestling coombe of green,
Where the kingfisher flaunts
His garb of azure sheen,
And meadowsweet and nodding buttercups
Do dream and sleep
Hard by a crystal stream
That doth no vigil keep.

Ah, pity then the Gods! Since dawn of Time
They may not sleep or dream.
The labyrinth of their own Immensity
They tread forever, and they may not die.
Their self-appointed doom —
No cradle, and no tomb —
Staggers the thought of mere Humanity.

Pity the High Gods, Lords of Space and Time!
O'er every land and clime
Unending vigil they must ever keep,
Because they change not, and have so decreed.
They fashioned love; have they of love no need?
Pity the Gods, who may nor sleep nor dream,
And, knowing all things, neither laugh nor weep.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A THEATRE IN THE WILDERNESS

THE upper story of a fruit-packing house, far away from the crowded pavements of the cities, with miles and miles of fruit-orchard stretching on every hand — what a strange location for a theatre. And yet, you never can tell.

At Naramata, British Columbia, in the middle of the Okanogan fruit-growing country, stands the Home Theatre of the Canadian Players, an experimental theatre and training school for actors, playwrights, and producers, an organization which owes its inception and development wholly to the unflagging enthusiasm and devotion of Mr. Carroll Aikins, founder and director of the company, and of his wife, who assists him in all his productions.

How did a theatre come to be there? The answer to that question is a tale of grim fighting against obstacles, of ingenious improvisation, and of expenditure of money, energy, and enthusiasm quite staggering to think upon. Mr. Aikins is a fruit rancher. He is also a poet. Most of all he is an enthusiast of the theatre, who set himself to do away with the theatrical vacuum in Canada. His own play, *The God of Gods*, had been produced at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, which has done much for the growth of artistic drama in England. Why not a similar institution fostering the growth of a native school of Canadian dramatists?

But Mr. Aikins also had his fruit ranch to consider — one hundred acres, mostly planted with his own hands. The usual sort of thing quite obviously would n't do. He could n't possibly start the ordinary 'little theatre' in some odd hole in the city. Since the mountains could not go to Mahomet, Mahomet — or rather the drama — must needs come to the mountains. There are a great many mountains in British Columbia, and now — thanks to the Canadian Players — there is also a great deal of drama.

Though the little theatre occupies the top floor of a fruit-packing house, you must n't fancy it as a crude, ugly, or ill-equipped makeshift. To the actor, at least, it is the most beautiful theatre in the world, for the windows of the dressing-rooms — instead of giving upon some dingy back alley — open over a glorious expanse of lake, blue as the Mediterranean, and lying between two long chains of rugged mountains; and on the terraced hillsides are orchards and gardens, orchards and gardens, orchards and gardens, with only scattered villas and a few tiled roofs to break the expanse of green.

The theatre is just as beautiful for the audience, who number only a hundred at most, for seating capacity is limited. The stage is at the floor level, and the seats rise steeply about it, achieving the ambition of most modern theatrical architects: there are no 'bad seats' for any of the spectators. The curtains and carpeting are green. One end of the theatre is charmingly furnished with a large Oriental rug, and in the little foyer is quaint old English furniture, where the play can be discussed between the acts.

The stage itself is perfectly equipped. A *Kuppelhorizont* and as good a color organ as is to be found on this continent of North America produce its admirable lighting. Electricity was at first a stumblingblock. One does not produce

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electric current without access to a power house, and power houses do not exactly abound in the neighborhood of Naramata; but the ingenious Mr. Aikens was not to be balked. An abandoned mine possessed a dynamo. He bought it. An ordinary farm-tractor provided power — and now, if a benighted traveler passing the ranch late hears a steady chug-chug-chug in the darkness, he may be quite sure that the ugly inventions of a mechanical age have been harnessed in the service of beauty, and that the drama is flourishing mightily in British Columbia that night.

The little theatre in Naramata is catholic in its tastes. One of Professor Baker's Harvard students has had her play produced there. But then, so has Euripides, whose *Trojan Women*, with Mrs. Aikins as Hecuba, was given by the women students of the theatre. Yes, *students* — for the Home Theatre is a training school as well as a theatre. It draws its audiences from the surrounding country. It sometimes goes on tour. And it offers free training in dramatic art to all young Canadians who want it. The season opens in April and lasts until October. Living does not cost very much and the students support themselves by picking fruit — it is a fruit country and pickers are always in demand among the neighboring orchards.

It will be interesting to keep an eye on Mr. Aikins and his fellows. Since the time of the miracle plays the theatre has been as citified as an English sparrow. Can it be taken into the country?

The Canadian Players make it look very much as if it could, for their theatre is a flourishing organization. It is not, of course, a commercial undertaking. All the better!

It is cram-full of promise — a daring experiment, and a fascinating one.

'TORTOISE' AND 'BEAVER'

TORTOISE-SHELL glasses are still a curiosity in the British Isles, as many a visiting American has found out to his cost. Light they may be, and comfortable they may be, and learned they undoubtedly look — but the Briton will none of them. Hence the zest with which, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, the new game of 'tortoise' is spreading from India to the Mother Country: —

> Now that the idiotic game of 'beaver' is dead a new trouble looms ahead. It is coming to us from India. It is the game of 'tortoise.' The journal, *Outward Bound*, states that in India, where beaver was much too dangerous a game to be played owing to the unsportsmanlike attitude of the bearded Sikh, all the energy of the irresponsibles is turned upon tortoise. A tortoise is anyone wearing tortoise-shell glasses.
>
> The highest marks have been awarded to a player who saw bride and bridegroom, both tortoises, emerging from church. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that Americans do not count in this game. You score nothing for marking an American tortoise.

The Sikh, of course, is invariably bearded and invariably a fighter. He is not remarkable for his appreciation of a joke. Hence the unpopularity of playing beaver in India. And of course there is a very good reason why 'Americans do not count in this game.' If spectacled at all, they are sure to wear the objectionable shell rims.

✽

REDISCOVERING AMERICA

IN the London *Daily Herald*, a Labor paper of the most radical description, Mr. Frederick Kuh, Vienna correspondent, is writing a series of articles on 'How I Rediscovered America.' After prophesying a change in the

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relations between capital and labor and a 'drift toward paternalism' — another ruse on the part of the wily capitalist, in the view of this radical writer — he turns to the artistic and literary changes going on in the United States: —

Simultaneously, many of the finest fruits of European culture are being cultivated by America. The best in music is offered, and the playgoer is confronted with perplexing choices of excellent Continental, English, and American dramas.

Meanwhile, a new, indigenous literature, casting lights and shadows upon America's own qualities, is being created. The pioneers of this awakening, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Sherwood Anderson, though they may be unconscious of it, are hewing new American trails no less historic than those of the backwoodsmen. An ever-growing public is being stirred by these self-revelations of the generosity, provincialisms, immaturities, and genuine idealisms that go to make up America.

Undoubtedly the canny M. Clemenceau was right in designating America as the enfant terrible of contemporary civilization. Perhaps the infant is wise to reject the well-meant attentions and counsels of a parental Europe. The European wiseacre, crossing the sea to tell America what 's what, will doubtless continue to find that naughty America has placed a thumb-tack on his lecture-chair.

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GHOSTS AND THE RENT

A CASUAL observation in court at Middlesex Sessions leads 'Lucio' of the *Manchester Guardian* into a disquisition on the economic status of the supernatural. This does not relate to successful mediums; it deals with a more prosaic subject — rent, and is based on a lawyer's remark that 'Ghosts in these days enhance the value of property.' Lucio entitles his poem, 'The Knock-Out,' and he writes: —

Alarm has been raised in the region
  Where phantoms forgather and meet;
The whole supernatural legion
  Is up on its horrified feet.
For the voice of the lawyer has spoken
  And put the poor things in their place —
The spell of the spook has been broken
    And blown into space!

With clankings of fetters and glidings
  From spirit to spirit are spread
The truly calamitous tidings
  That nobody views them with dread;
Gray Ladies may vanish or tarry,
  But no one feels any alarm,
And who cares if Sir Rupert does carry
    His head on his arm?

Nay, more — the affront is directer —
  Your ghost is entitled to grouse
When boggart and banshee and spectre
  Increase the demand for a house!
To think that Sir Jasper the Groaner,
  The Soul that can Never Repent,
Is just an excuse for an owner
    To put up the rent!

✻

THE 'EMIGRATION' OF THE FIRST FOLIO

ONLY about thirty copies of the First Folio are really 'safe' in Great Britain. This is the — to English ears — alarming statement of Sir Sidney Lee, perhaps the foremost living student of Shakespeare, and certainly the greatest living authority on the First Folio, in his presidential address before the Sunday Shakespeare Society after his twelfth election to office.

To adopt the slang of the trenches, the First Folio is literally 'going West' — in other words, all available copies are being bought up by rich Americans; and, since no copy in the hands of a private owner is likely long to resist the lure of the dollar, Sir Sidney regards only the thirty which Britain's great public libraries possess as permanently assured to Shakespeare's England.

Twenty years ago, Sir Sidney undertook a census of the existing First Folios. When he began his work only

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eighty copies had been traced. His investigation established the existence of one hundred and seventy copies, and since that time ten more have come to light. The original edition consisted of five hundred copies, so that something over three hundred have vanished. Of these only fourteen were wholly free from the work of the restorer. Twenty-nine more had undergone only slight repair, and sixty-eight of the rest were fragmentary, or obviously defective.

Prices have gone steadily up. The famous book was published at one pound. In 1790, London was thrilled when the Duke of Roxburgh paid thirty-five pounds for a single copy. By 1854 the ubiquitous American purchaser had appeared, and paid a hundred and fifty-three pounds for a copy. In 1864 Baroness Burdett-Coutts paid six hundred and seventy-two guineas for a particularly fine copy, which a few months ago reached the United States after fetching a purchase price of 8600 pounds.

In 1906, one hundred and twelve copies were in the United Kingdom, fifty-two in America, three in British Colonies, and three were on the Continent. At that time eighty-two of those in England were in private hands, and forty-three of those in America were in private hands. To-day the proportion is reversed. One American collector has the unique distinction of possessing thirty-five copies.

Sir Sidney closed his address by urging wealthy Englishmen to bestir themselves and secure as many copies as possible for British public institutions where they will find a permanent resting-place.

BOY SCOUTS AND THE 'KIBBO KIFT'

THE Boy Scout movement is viewed with distrust by the radical element in the British Labor Party, which professes to discover militaristic aspects in Scouting. An ex-scoutmaster with Labor affiliations writes to the *Daily Herald* to say that 'it is absolutely impossible for a Socialist to accept the scout training in full.'

Hence a rival organization modeled on lines essentially similar to those of the Scout movement is receiving the support of British Labor. It rejoices in the title of 'Kibbo Kift,' which is said to mean 'Be strong' — the founders do not explain in what language. Membership is open to boys and girls between the ages of ten and eighteen, who must pass the following test: —

1. Know the Mark of the Kindred, and the World sign of the open hand, and understand their meaning.
2. Make a pen-and-ink drawing (not tracing) of a map of the world as correctly as possible.
3. Lay and light a fire in the open, using no paper, and not more than one match.
4. Know the meaning of the words 'Kibbo Kift.'

The new movement aims to further Internationalism.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Edited by H. S. Milford, M. A. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1922.

[Professor Saintsbury in the London *Bookman*]

LET it be laid down dogmatically that no better-edited edition of an English poet has issued from the press in the memory of at least this man, and that there are few poets who, whether they deserve it or not, were so much in need of good editing as 'Leontius' — a classification by the way which gives a certain handle to the enemy, for it suggests a Cockney neglect of his work. It has often been said that as a whole he is almost inaccessible, owing to the bulk and the scattered condition of his prose works. But these, at any rate in most cases, exist in single texts. With the verse it is different. Not only is there no complete collection of it up to the present time; not only has it to be ferreted out of old periodicals and even MSS.; but when it was printed — as much of it was — more than once the author had a habit, rather unexpected in 'Mr. Skimpole,' of altering it, 'cutting' it and adding to it in a most curious fashion. Of course this is not rare in poets; and some of them — Tennyson very particularly — have seldom altered except to better. With Leigh Hunt it is a perfect toss-up whether the alterations are for the better, for the worse, or, as some may say, for nothing at all except for the sake of altering. And yet one feels — especially if one has had the now disputed benefit of a classical education — that they ought not to be neglected; at any rate that they ought to be made accessible to anyone who wishes not to neglect them.

To all this Mr. Milford has looked most carefully. He has collected; he has ferreted; he has collated print and MSS.; he has recovered and inserted notes and prefatory matter that Hunt gave at one time and left out at another; he has given a 'chronological table' of his author's life and times which is a sort of miniature literary and not merely literary 'History of England' within this period; and while he has entirely eschewed, in his own notes, the 'æsthetic' stuff that made Burton so angry, he has given just the proper dose of it in his own preface, with a hope that the fuller presentation of the generally known matter, and the addition of new especially in the political section, may do something to raise the prevalent opinion of Hunt not merely as a poet but as a man. And, indeed, to reapply an amiable argument familiar in slightly different conditions, one might feel inclined to say that Leigh Hunt must have had a great deal of good in him to deserve and receive so good an editor.

My Days with Uncle Sam, by Rash Behari Day. Dacca: Alexandra Press, 1922. 1 rupee.

[*Calcutta Modern Review*]

THIS is an interesting autobiographical sketch of a Bengali youth who made his way to America as a sailor with five rupees in his pocket and rose to be an engineer, working for his livelihood even during the period of his education. It is a vivid story of enterprise and adventure extremely creditable to the young man. The book does not pretend to any literary merit, nor is the author so highly educated as to be able to offer any profound remarks on American life and civilization. The book is distinguished by a cheerfulness of spirit and fairness of judgment that are appreciative. We have no hesitation in thinking that this story of industry and perseverance deserves the attention of our young men.

La vie et l'âme de César Franck, by Paul de Wailly. Abbeville: Amis de la Musique, 1922.

[*La Revue Musicale*]

THIS little twelve-page brochure gives the text of a lecture by M. de Wailly at Abbeville on April 30, 1922, at the seventh session of the Amis de la Musique. It consists of sincere and touching memories, mostly personal, of the master.

The Last Days of Tolstoy, by Vladimir Chertkov. Translated from the Russian by Nathalie A. Duddington. London: Heinemann, 1923. 7s. 6*d.*

[Bertrand Russell in the *New Statesman*]

IT was by no means an easy problem that confronted Tolstoy when, in middle life, he became convinced that private property is sinful. His wife had married him in the confident expectation of a certain way of life, and for many years he had lived in this way contentedly. She had had thirteen children, of whom nine survived, and they also had grown up with habits of luxury. His wife and most of his children were unable to adopt his new views, and saw no reason to begin living like peasants. As Countess Tolstoy says in her autobiography: 'If I had given away all my fortune at my husband's desire (I don't know to whom), if I had been left in poverty with nine children, I should have had to work for the family — to feed, do the sewing for, wash, bring up my children without education. Leo Nikolaevich, by vocation and inclination, could have done nothing else but write.' As he also disapproved of copyright, he could not have made

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a living by writing. No doubt he would have tried to cultivate the fields, like a peasant, but his impulse to write and teach would have prevented him from being successful in this attempt. What he did, as everyone knows, was to hand over his property to his wife, and to continue to live in the house with her, in spite of his belief that it was wicked to extract money out of the peasants and to place legal restrictions on the reproduction of his books by all and sundry.

Chertkov's book relates, from the point of view of a disciple and coadjutor, the inward and outward struggle that resulted from this situation. It is impossible to sympathize fully with either party. Tolstoy's wife, in the later years, was no doubt hysterical, tyrannical, avaricious, and addicted to spying. But a good deal of this is accounted for by the thirteen children, and the rest by the desire to save them from Tolstoy's disastrous wrong-headedness, as it appeared to her. It is easy to realize what he must have suffered when she prosecuted peasants whom he liked for trespassing in the woods at Yasnaya Polyana, and when she exacted the uttermost farthing from almost destitute tenants. He suffered not only from the fact that such conduct was against what he thought right, but also from the disbelief in him which it caused among the peasants, and from the sneers to which it gave rise among those who opposed his doctrines. In his diary — as quoted by Chertkov — he says: —

'If I heard of myself as an outsider — of a man living in luxury, wringing all he can out of the peasants, locking them up in prison, while preaching and professing Christianity and giving away coppers, and for all his loathsome actions sheltering himself behind his dear wife — I should not hesitate to call him a blackguard.'

So far, so good. But in the next sentence he adds: 'And that is just what I need that I may be set free from the praises of men and live for my soul.'

'Just what *I* need' — but how did that help the peasants? The whole tone of all the documents in this book compels one to conclude that Tolstoy the saint was just as profound an egoist as Tolstoy the sinner. And it was just this egoism which prevented him from finding a reasonable way out of his troubles. 'He considered,' says Chertkov, 'that the ordeal to which he was continually exposed in his wife's company was profitable for his own soul, and found in it a spiritual satisfaction.'

Everyday Life in the New Stone, Bronze, and Early Iron Ages, by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. London: Batsford, 1922. *5s.*

[Esmé Wingfield-Stratford in the *Beacon*]

MR. AND MRS. QUENNELL have already made a name for themselves as expounders and — what is more rare and valuable — humanizers of English history in its intimate aspects. Those who are inclined to be anxious about the culture of our own days may at least take comfort from the fact that our boys and girls are in a position to assimilate more accurate and erudite information than their grandfathers in *their* fathers' boyhood. Our authors carry their authorities — so to speak — with such urbane ease that there is a danger that the value of their work, from a grown-up standpoint, may be overlooked. Our remote ancestors are revealed in a series of brilliant illustrations, not as the prim and respectable types of the textbook, but as folk every bit as individually alive as you and me. In one picture we have a perfect example of the Neolithic flapper! Not the least of the charms of this book is a fantastic drawing by Mr. Peter Quennell, the brilliant young poet whose contributions almost justify the issue of another Georgian Book of Verse.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED

TSEN TSONMING. *Essai historique sur la poésie chinoise.* Lyon: Desvigne, 1923. A new book on a subject which is assuming increasing importance in Occidental literature. The author is a Chinese student, twenty-four years of age, and the book is his thesis for the doctorate submitted to the Faculté des Lettres de Lyon.

BOOKS MENTIONED

BJÖRNSON, BJÖRN. *Mit Livs Historier: Fra Barndommens Dage.* (Stories from My Life: From the Days of Childhood.) Christiania: H. Aschehoug and Co., 1922.

PROUST, MARCEL. *Swann's Way.* Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. 2 vols. New York: Holt, 1922. $5.00.

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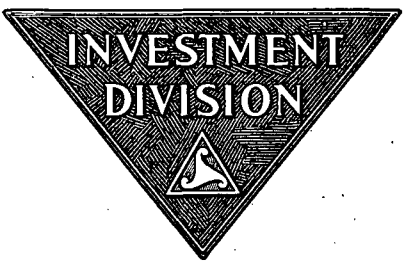

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